The Nation

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The Week

Separated because of incompatibility of temper and, specifically, because of disagreement over the question who should be boss in the house, Progressivism and Republicanism are preparing to be reconciled for the sake of the child. The little one's name is, of course, Protective Tariff. The Congressional election in Maine and the passage of the tariff bill in the Senate have occurred in dramatic juxtaposition. Republicans and Progressives may differ on the eternal principles of social justice and the spirit of constitutional government, but on the question of high tariff duties they find it easy to agree, and, apparently, to win. Therefore, the talk of a national convention to bring about a reunion of the two factions has broken forth with renewed vigor. It is true that so far most of the talk about reunion has come from the side of the Republicans. The Bull Moose are verbally as hostile to the idea as they have ever been. But verbally; in practice they have simply been flocking back to the Republican fold in the most natural way in the world. There is no need for the Progressive leaders to say anything; the registration and election returns speak for them. After all, the eternal principles of social justice, being eternal, can presumably wait; whereas the protective tariff needs all the champions it can get, and needs them now.

It is not necessary for the Vice-President of the United States to be an authority on banking and currency questions; but neither is he under any obligation to talk about them. It is, of course, the privilege of a newspaper reporter to ask a Vice-President the question, "What is your opinion of the currency question?" but it is quite as indisputably the privilege of the Vice-President to decline to satisfy the reporter's desire for "copy." Doubtless it was owing to his invincible good nature that Mr. Marshall the other day, as reported in the New York *Times*, failed to adopt that course and the result is that he indicates his idea of the purpose of the Banking and Currency bill as follows:

> Some banking system which will prevent the hoarding of money until it commands very high interest, and which will permit sufficient elasticity to prevent recurrent panics, must be devised.

It is a pity that the House Committee completed its long and difficult labors without the benefit of this simple and straightforward statement, for we fear that the idea of preventing "the hoarding of money until it commands a high rate of interest" was sadly neglected in the deliberations of the Committee. But the reporter, evidently an enterprising young gentleman, was still unsatisfied, and so we have this further contribution to the subject:

> "Isn't the pending measure, with its reserve bank provision, really the reinstatement of the old United States Bank?" he was asked.
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> "As a Democrat inoculated with the principles of Jefferson and Jackson," Mr. Marshall answered, "I am not sure it is not going back to the old ideas of the United States Bank."

Very like a whale, quoth Polonius; and Polonius, too, was a man who talked rather more than was absolutely indispensable.

A most extraordinary thing has happened in Louisiana. Its Legislature has adjourned after being in session a few minutes less than four days. Six important measures proposed by the Governor were put before both houses and carried within this period of time, with but eight adverse votes in the House and two in the Senate. Not one of the measures was amended in any important manner, and thousands of dollars were saved by this prompt transaction of business. The most important action taken was for the submission to the people of a proposal for a Constitutional Convention in November next, which will be limited, however, to a consideration of the bonded debt of the State, and a proposed amendment to the New Orleans Sewerage and Water Board act. This convention cannot, of course, be called unless approved at an election by the people. There is no doubt whatever that the people will approve, as the financial situation is pressing. Another important measure passed was one suggested by the Senatorial situation in Alabama. It provides that in the event of the death or resignation of a United States Senator from Louisiana the Governor shall fill the vacancy until such time as the people can elect. This is to bring the State procedure in line with the new amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing for popular election of Senators.

With the promise in appeals that the prosecutions under the Mann act in California will continue to arouse comment and feeling, it is becoming evident that the act itself is a probable subject of attack. It is already alleged that it loads upon the Federal courts duties better left to the local police courts; that it weakens suppression of the very traffic against which it was aimed, by confounding it with mere immorality; that it draws no distinction between offences of widely different degrees of guilt; and that the penalty for other crimes, lumped by it with so-called "white-slavery," is always, and sometimes unjustly, imposed upon but one party, the man. These are criticisms that demand consideration; but it is essential that, if any modification of the law is to be made, it shall not be such as to impair its severity or its efficacy in relation to the vile and cruel traffic for the suppression of which the act was designed.

President Wilson's sending of an agent to confer with the parties to the Calumet copper strike comes at the same time as intimations that Gov. Ferris was ready to call a special session to end the trouble. What the now unnecessary session would have done is of peculiar interest in a situation not unlike the recent strikes in West Virginia and Colorado. The legislators regarded the payment of the $250,000 required to maintain troops in the strike district as the chief issue. Although the companies virtually own the copper counties, the repeal of a recent law leaves the protection of their property a burden on the entire State. More important to the ordinary observer was a proposal for a compulsory arbitration law and the immediate appointment of an arbitration board. But little has been proposed and less done to stop the

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sporadic rioting and shooting that have tormented the district even under militia protection. There have been threats of "putting the gunmen out of the district," and several arrests of agitators for "inciting to riot"; but the clashes between patrolmen and armed miners have gone on, the press reporting that the gunmen have "kept up night firing to keep the militia on a constant search," and that the militia have attested by inaction that they were neutral in the dispute. In Michigan, as in West Virginia and elsewhere, the local papers insist that, no matter how the strike ends and its expense is distributed, an investigation should determine the responsibility for its scenes of violence.

The true note of the new South comes to us in an editorial in the Lexington, Ky., *Herald* in regard to the segregation of the colored employees of the Government at Washington. "Knowing," it says, "that many will disagree with our views, and condemn bitterly our expression thereof," it none the less protests against this policy of the national Government, "the effect of which, transmitted to lower channels, may be most disastrous." "No greater calamity could befall this nation," it insists, "than to have included in its inhabitants millions of people of any race in whose face the door of hope is shut, who are not permitted to aspire to free and independent citizenship, and to strive for equal political, financial, and industrial reward that brawn or intellect brings to those of any race." These are brave words indeed, in shining contrast with the utterances of so many Southern Senators who claim to represent their section, and who certainly do represent the reactionaries and the ignorant.

It seems an anomaly that the third largest American city should be fighting for the removal of a whole district of unsanitary pig-farms from within its borders. But there is a deal of political hopefulness in Philadelphia's newest issue. There cannot be much question concerning the general merits of the present Mayoralty campaign. The public health has been safeguarded; the streets have been made cleaner; a new policy of economy has been inaugurated; the Police and Fire Departments have been taken out of politics. All this, and more, is effectively recited for the Blankenburg Administration in a pamphlet of the Civic Club. So long, therefore, as the specific fight turns upon a question of sanitation and attractiveness, with harbor and navy-yard considerations thrown in, the public is not likely to forget benefits received. The thousands of sties in South Philadelphia, as a menace to health, contravene such municipal regulations as almost, if not quite, every other large city has long since passed.

The celebration of Perry's victory is of especial interest to the Great Lakes, as recalling the one affair of the kind they have ever seen, and drowning, in its salutes and fanfares, the noise of our Canadian cousins over Chrysler's farm. Its pageants and water carnivals have given a long-extended thrill of patriotism to the lakeside ports at which the old fleet has touched. To the country at large the centenary looms small beside the half-centenary of Gettysburg. Its chief interest is in recalling a heroic deed and a heroic figure. Perry's exploit is, of all American naval victories, the one that would best have furnished a subject for Turner to paint. The Niagara was no Téméraire, but as our single important engagement between wooden fleets, Put-in-Bay links us to the days of Nelson and Rodney in a way no one-ship duels could do.

Two calamities are threatening the human race, according to reports from Colorado Springs, where the American Public Health Association is now meeting. One is the increase of insanity, and the other is the decrease in the birth-rate. As envisaged by one headline writer, the future presents a spectacle in which nobody will be born and everybody will be out of his mind. Fortunately, this condition of affairs promises something of the same consolation offered to the Irishman who received three serious wounds, one of which was bound to be fatal, but from the other two of which he might recover. A "birthless" race need not shrink from the advancing cloud of insanity, and an insane race is not apt to care much whether it is born or not. Lest, however, some timid person should refuse to see how the one evil cancels the other, let him turn from Colorado Springs to Birmingham, England, where recently the Association for the Advancement of Science was greatly concerned with the problem of over-population and food supply. People are still born in numbers sufficiently large to worry the scientists as to where sustenance for all of them is coming from. Or is it our duty to reconcile the findings of Birmingham and Colorado Springs and to look forward to a non-existent race of lunatics with nothing to eat?

"Food Inspection Decision No. 152," just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, declares that brandy is the alcoholic distillate obtained solely from the fermented juice of fruit, distilled "under such conditions that the characteristic bouquet, or volatile flavoring and aromatic principles, is retained in the distillate." That is sound chemistry and common-sense. It will pass unchallenged by the medical profession and the consumer, however painful it may be to the compounding establishments where applejack, cognac, cherry brandy, and peach brandy are all made from the same barrel of crude spirits by the addition of flavoring extracts and coloring matter. The decision goes further, however, in defining grape brandy as the distillate obtained from grape wine under the conditions already set forth, in saying that other fruit brandies must be similarly prepared from the fermented juices of their respective fruits, and adding that "so-called brandy prepared from grain, potato, or other form of industrial alcohol, or from alcohol obtained from the by-products of wine manufacture, mixed with more or less true brandy or other flavoring material, is adulterated and misbranded unless labelled to indicate its true composition." Here is a step forward in the enforcement of the law by the Board of Food and Drug Inspection since the Taft Administration, which never arrived at a definition of what constitutes "straight whiskey." It is true that there was difference of opinion between a Kentuckian and a Marylander, an Irishman and a Scot, as to the best ingredients for whiskey, but all were virtually agreed as to labels until the compounders made it possible, by obtaining a favorable ruling from the earlier Food and Drug Board, to mix the alcoholic products of grain as they are now forbidden to mix the alcoholic products of fruit. Whatever injury re-

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sults to public health and morals from the abuse of alcoholic stimulants is in part due to the adulteration of these products by the manufacturer.

A statistician of Indiana University has recently studied the qualifications, salary, and tenure of the high-school teachers of his State, with the usual startling results. On the surface, the outstanding and conventional fact would seem to be the low salaries. Out of 657 teachers, only one received a stipend of $2,000; less than 10 got $1,600; and 299 received less than $800. But there are other figures that prompt a doubt as to how many really were worth more pay. Of the 657 more than half held no degree, whether from normal school, college, or university; and even in cities of above 50,000, out of 281 high-school teachers, 120 had no special training. These facts are typical of many more States than Indiana. Even in the teaching world a natural law governs the relation between pay and ability. One hardly knows whether to feel indignation at the parents, or pity for the children, of backward communities; for in the words of the statistician, "school boards can secure any kind of teacher they wish if they demand the preparation and pay the price."

The complaint that our public schools have neglected the teaching of fundamentals for the teaching of fads and frills no longer holds against Chicago's school authorities. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young is going back to something more fundamental even than the three R's. She has begun to impart instruction in the law of self-preservation which is the first law of life. Time must henceforth be taken by the school principals from the regular curriculum for classroom talks, illustrated with motion pictures, on how to avoid accidents due to street traffic. There is a long list of cautions for children:

Cross the street at regular crossings, not in the middle of the block.

Obey the police signals at crossings.

Look in all directions before crossing the street.

Do not cross in front of a moving vehicle.

Danger signals from automobiles and cars should be heeded by every one.

Roller-skating in the roadway is forbidden by city ordinance.

Children should not hitch on to moving vehicles.

The majority of accidents to children do not happen when they are going to school or returning from school. There is great danger in playing backward and forward across the street, running across the street in the evening, hurrying to the show or the store, trying to overtake companions, running after a hat.

Is the number of mothers increasing who send their children into the streets without any injunction to be careful? Or is the number of children increasing to whom it matters very little what mother says but to whom Teacher embodies prestige and authority? It is the vicious circle again. The schools, as a type of social effort, are continually stepping in to make good the derelictions of the individual; and the individual is lulled into securer indifference. Because careless or ignorant parents have proved recreant to the gospel of the toothbrush, the schools are now exacting written pledges on the subject. And if a pledge of clean teeth falls within the province of the school, then why not a pledge against green apples, and a pledge against sleeping late, and a pledge against telling lies? Will the parenthood of the future develop into a sort of foremanship under school supervision? And in the case of a street fatality, will the mother of the child victim have a just grievance against the child's teacher?

Although every party attempt to read a political significance into the labor riots at Belfast has failed, it is notable that they have given a marked impetus to the insurance business, based upon an apprehension which looks to the political future. The English attitude towards Ulster has always been that it takes two to make a quarrel, and that as truculent drills and blustering speeches increase in the province, imperturbable good nature offers the best opposition to them. Even the latest programme of the Ulster Union, for September mass-meetings from Belfast to Derry, and the formation of a Provisional Government against the Home Rule bill's third reading, does not disturb British phlegm. The Government's disregard of technical treason and riotous rhetoric in the mouth of Sir Edward Carson, and its determination, in the face of the exaggerated temper of North Ireland, to let the Provisional Government, if it is ever formed, sit until it becomes a laughing stock, is beyond doubt a policy of wisdom. But the animus behind some of the labor outbreaks seems to be taken as warning that in a well-armed country, divided between Nationalists and Anti-Nationalists, the passage of Home Rule may be followed by sporadic rioting. Reports to the London *Times* show that in two days last week, $15,000,000 insurance was written in Ulster; that the previous week showed approximately $35,000,000 written; and that insurance companies, as in South Africa before the Johannesburg troubles, were attempting to secure as wide a distribution of risks as possible, to lessen the chance of concentrated losses.

In perhaps no journal in Europe would one be more justified in looking for a mature and intelligent judgment on the Administration's dealings with Mexico than in the London *Economist*. The leading article in its issue for August 30 is devoted to "Mexico and President Wilson's Message." In it there is no trace of the patronizing toleration or of the supercilious criticism which has been the note of a number of European newspapers less weighty and less well informed. On the contrary, the *Economist* acclaims the President's message as "the sincere attempt of a Constitutional ruler and trained jurist to insure that the Government of Mexico shall be based on a legal foundation beyond question." While the *Economist* recognizes that the contentions of those who argue in favor of the immediate recognition of the Huerta Government are plausible, it declares that President Wilson "may claim to have taken a longer and a broader view." As for the view of some "observers on the Continent" that the message was but "an ingenious move towards the annexation of Mexico," the *Economist* dismisses that as superficial. "But armed intervention," it adds, "might lead to a war beside which the Boer War would seem simple and short; and it could hardly end in the harmony which has happily been the outcome in South Africa." Fortunately, the people of this country are thoroughly aware that such is the case; and neither the public at large nor the Administration at Washington contemplates armed intervention in any other light than as one of the greatest of possible calamities.

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A SPLENDID ACHIEVEMENT.

With ranks unbroken except for the vote of the two Louisiana members, the Democrats of the Senate have set the seal of their approval upon the great work of tariff reform in which their fellows in the House had so faithfully done their part. Even the defection of the Louisiana members has not in it anything of a sinister character. One can sympathize with the feeling expressed by Senator Thornton when he declared that he voted against the bill only because he regarded it as a death-blow at the greatest agricultural interest of his State, however much one may feel that the radical measure of putting sugar on the free list is justified by the largest considerations of national policy. Apart from this extreme case, the party has presented, not only in the final vote, but in the whole character of its dealing with the many crucial questions that have arisen, a spirit which it is hardly going too far to characterize as heroic. The notion that, when it comes down to a practical test, the tariff is, after all, a "local issue," has been magnificently repudiated. The differences between Senate and House are not such as in the least to affect the character of the bill as a truly national measure of reform, a measure fulfilling completely the promises which, from the time of Cleveland's memorable message of 1887 to the present day, have embodied the clear purpose of all the true leaders of the party. The words in which President Wilson acclaimed the result are fully justified by the facts —"a fight for the people and for free business, which has lasted a long generation through, has at last been won, handsomely and completely."

For the clean-cut way in which the result has been accomplished, for holding together the forces in the case of many causes of dissension—and this without any debilitating compromise—the chief credit must be assigned to the President. That he was able to achieve this in spite of its entailing the protraction of the extra session throughout the trials of a Washington summer, would of itself be signal evidence of rare powers of leadership; but the achievement was made the more extraordinary by the circumstance that, almost from the start, Mr. Wilson's purpose was clearly to insist also on the passage at the extra session of a banking and currency bill. His complete success in the first undertaking cannot fail to increase greatly the strength of his position in regard to the second; and if he shall achieve both, he will have made a record of constructive leadership rarely matched in the annals of parties. How great is his indebtedness, and that of the nation, to the ability and steadfastness of Mr. Underwood, the whole nation recognizes; and the tribute he pays also to the faithful and efficient work of Senator Simmons is likewise deserved. While the first place in distribution of credit belongs to the President, a large share is due to the whole party as represented in Congress, and especially to the leaders in the two houses.

Of the changes made in the bill by the Senate which will presumably form the subject of serious consideration in conference, there are three of more general interest than any others. The introduction into the bill of the proposed tax on cotton "futures" is thoroughly vicious. It is, in itself, a bit of ignorant or demagogic interference with a legitimate and, on the whole, decidedly wholesome and beneficial part of the mechanism of business. It was adhered to by the Senate caucus in the face of earnest opposition by eight Southern Democratic Senators who did not speak in behalf of "Wall Street," and who were specially qualified to speak in behalf of the interests of the growers of cotton. And in addition to its inherent injuriousness, it is open to the gravest objection as being essentially of the nature of a "rider"—a provision of peculiar and highly controversial character tacked on to a general revenue bill in the hope of its being accepted because it cannot be separated from the bill as a whole. It ought to be firmly resisted by the House conferrees; and the same is true of the increased tax on works of art, for which there is not a shadow of respectable justification. The third change we have in mind relates to the income tax. The increases in the rates on incomes above $50,000 will probably be compromised in conference; the change in the lower limit—the exemption limit—will probably stand. But it ought to be clearly understood that, while the discrimination in favor of men with families is quite justified, the change by the Senate does not at all diminish—indeed it increases—the objection lying against the exemption as being too high. From this point of view, the raising of the $4,000 exemption to $5,000 in the case of married men with two children far more than counterbalances the lowering of the exemption to $3,000 in the case of single men.

But the conspicuous thing is not the differences between Senate and House, but their agreement. Nor is this concord remarkable only because item after item, hotly debated, has stood the test. It is far more remarkable because of the firmness with which a general principle, a general attitude, has been adhered to. That wonderful solution of the tariff question which, hardly more than a year or two ago, was acclaimed with such naïve delight in high quarters, has cut but a sorry figure. Not difference in cost of production, but the reasonable claims of the American people, has been the touchstone by which the rates have been determined. There has been no blind and sweeping reduction of duties, regardless of a just consideration for existing industries; but the doctrine that the manufacturer has a vested right in the home market, whatever it may cost his fellow-citizens, has been absolutely cast out. And all this has happened without any commotion or disturbance—almost without any protest in the public press except of the most perfunctory kind. To those whose memory is not hopelessly defective, we recommend the exercise of recalling how general, eight or ten years ago, was the notion that the American people had decided, for good and all, upon a policy of high protection, and that to reopen the question was merely to disturb business without the slightest prospect of accomplishing anything. The contrast between this state of mind and that shown by the passing of the present tariff bill with the general acquiescence of the nation affords a valuable illustration of the delusions of "manifest destiny."

THE WEST AND THE NEW AGRICULTURE.

The drought which week after week hung over the West this summer, with corn shrivelling and meadows browning under its sway, ponds contracting, and cattle being rushed to market, awakened a variety of comment. Sympathy found, as in former years, ready utterance by press and tongue. A ripple of appre-

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hension spread over the country and into urban centres, where men had learned that failure of the sort quickly diffused its effects into the high cost of meat and cereals. There was a harking back to the years when drought was a grimly constant reality to Kansas and Nebraska, and when in the train of agricultural depression stalked spectral political and economic heresies. But when rain ended the suspense, and even those who appraised the damage highest admitted that various factors left the situation still bright, the public voice went to the other extreme. The resiliency with which the West shook off its load of disaster pointed to a new agriculture independence. The new agriculture was a magician's wand to stop the rising of plague, a force to conquer the elements when defeat was once passively accepted. Thus the *Outlook* said:

> The truth is that Western farmers have learned to get the most out of their soil. . . . This is due to the better methods of tillage. Agricultural college education and special trains giving practical instruction on right systems of planting and cultivation have had their effect. The modern farmer is a business man, and the drought has demonstrated that he now meets reverses, not in distress, but as one of the exigencies of his affairs.

At the same time, and in triumphant confirmation, was widely quoted the Government statement that wheat showed the highest acre-average—16.2 bushels—since the large wheat-planting era began.

But is it true that seeming disaster has twitched away the curtain that hid a great agricultural transformation? It should seem but too easy to confute or discount the fact alleged. Is the West thus energized because the despondent, short-sighted farmers of Willa Sibert Cather's "O, Pioneers!" have given way to a sturdier, more enlightened race? Rather because in a decade of fair weather and fair economic conditions the farmers have saved for a time of stress. Because crops which this year antedated the drought had so thriven that Gov. Hodges could say: "We raised a big wheat crop, a big oats crop, a big potato crop. Two cuttings of alfalfa were the best ever. And our bank deposits show $42,000,000 more than a year ago." Because the consciousness of high prices and increasing land values gave birth to a feeling of economic stability. Certainly there was no advanced agricultural knowledge to save the corn, or any great part of it; and a want of preparation was evident in the failure of stored water for beast and even man. As for the wheat record, it could be pointed out that, if the United States has never before reaped 16.2 bushels per acre, it has repeatedly risen near that figure, and repeatedly fallen from it; and that in the uneven line which records our crop-average, one year's result can no more serve as the index of a fixed tendency than can a single swallow of seasonal change. The average yield of corn in 1899 was 28.1 bushels; in 1909, 25.9. The average yield of oats in 1899 was nearly 30 bushels; in 1909, barely 28. And even if a study of decades showed a consistent improvement, allowance would still have to be made for such factors as the growth of intensive farming in the wake of a crowding population, and the abandonment in exhausted portions of the East of the crops staple to the West.

But while the notion that the new agriculture is to be credited with every favorable turn that may be noted in the crop situation is an illusion, the impression at the bottom of the notion is not wide of the truth. The new agriculture *is* making a new earth; it is only an exaggeration of its powers that streaks this truth with error. The public sees that the rural West is prosperous as no rural section has been since Washington first experimented with crop rotation on his Virginia farm. From this prosperity it turns to the great machinery of agricultural betterment that Western society has built up. At its centre is the State university; as radiating agencies are extension classes, demonstration farms and trains, the experiment station, bulletins, seeds, travelling soil analysts and dairy testers, the lecturer, and the adviser. Apart from these official agencies are the activities of the farmers' institute, the State fair, the farm paper, the commercial houses that flourish only when the farmer flourishes, and the rural centre of every sort. Advancement is infectious where one farmer plants a new variety of fruit with which the State has succeeded, and his neighbors in turn copy him. A rural life thus intelligent, into which professionally trained men are constantly infused, and to the improvement of which every communal assistance is given, is a guild for the prosecution of its calling that history will find it hard to match. Many farmers yet are skeptical, unprogressive, inclined rather to trust in labor than in science or thought. But, for all that, the face of the farm States is changing in a way not unsuggestive of what is taking place in the modern city itself.

How is the face of the West changing? In Illinois, says one newspaper, "silos and alfalfa are the solvers of the dried-up-pasture problem. A few more years and these cylindrical storehouses will dot the prairies as corncribs do now. And steadily the green fields of alfalfa are creeping over the black soil of Illinois, making a stand where once the farmer thought it would be impossible." The same correspondent of a Kansas City paper who found western Kansas filled with disgusted men—land speculators who came out to pick up bargains, and found none—also found the country transformed by crops undreamed of a few years before, the dairy and the poultry farm where once grain reigned alone, trees and orchards breaking the prairie winds. The writer for a Nebraska paper, who went to the State fair, learned that the whole State grew crops unknown anywhere in it a quarter of a century ago, that wholly new varieties of corn, oats, and wheat had been devised, and that a newer tillage was changing even the soil. He saw, too, much new machinery; but it is no longer invention, but science, that is transforming the farm. For that reason, much of the change is invisible. It is the change from farms productive in their ill-kept virginity to a farm production that rests on scientific cultivation, careful conservation, and the energetic utilization of every discovery, from Pasteur's fifty years ago to Babcock's and Hopkins's to-day. This general improvement of a fundamental calling is one of the most impressive facts of the generation.

THE CONSULS SAFEGUARDED.

Most gratifying news comes out of Washington in regard to the consular service. On Wednesday of last week President Wilson sent to the Senate the nominations of thirty men for high consular posts, of whom no less than twenty-eight are already in the service, while the other two have passed examinations entitling them to appointment. This should end much anxiety, both in and out of the consular service.

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Within, the consuls have complained that they had no inkling as to whether they should be retained or have to seek other employments. Outside of it, too, the fear has been that, as in the diplomatic offices, there would be a more or less clean sweep, with a consequent undoing of the good accomplished since John Hay laid the foundations of a permanent consular service.

Instead of this we have the promotion of a number of men originally appointed by Republican Administrations. Chief of these is Alexander M. Thackara, who has been sixteen years in the service at Havre and Berlin; he now goes to the vacancy in Paris caused by the voluntary resignation of Frank H. Mason, a veteran consul of thirty-three years of consecutive service. To Dresden is sent Mr. Leo Bergholz, who has thirty-one years to his credit as a consular official, while to Calcutta is promoted James A. Smith, of Vermont, now at Genoa, whose first appointment bears date of 1897. It is men of experience like these who must form the backbone of any consular service, either of this country or of any other great nation. If the others have not had so many years of official life, they are all men who have been tried and not found wanting. They are eager permanently to represent the country abroad, and most of them have risen from the lower grades of deputy or vice-consul. Their political affiliations have obviously not been inquired into. Best of all is the leaving undisturbed of the present satisfactory Consul-General in London, John L. Griffiths. It is to be hoped that this foreshadows his permanent retention there, just as the appointment of two men who have passed examinations is good ground for believing that the vacancies created by the advancement of these thirty men will be filled only after advancement, on John Hay's plan, of subordinates now connected with consulates, or the appointment of others selected after passing prescribed tests.

Any other course would be deplorable retrogression, and would not be to the credit of the Wilson Administration. Whatever lapses there may have been, the last two Republican Presidents have steadily sought to establish precedents leading towards permanent consular officers. By Executive order they have sought to do what Congress itself should have done long ago. But the Congressional spoilsman dies hard, as witness the rage of Senator John Sharp Williams and others at the refusal of the new Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, to consider the recommendations of Congressmen and Senators in the matter of promotions and assignments of army officers. Just as Congress cannot make up its mind to appropriate reasonable sums for the acquirement of proper residences for our Ambassadors on the Continent and in England, so it has always refused to create a permanent graded consular service, and every advance in that direction has had to come from the State Department itself.

But the present action is the more gratifying, if we are correct in believing it to be a clear indication of President Wilson's policy in regard to the consular service, by reason of its contrast with his treatment of the diplomatic posts. He had an unequalled opportunity to retain in service Ministers and Ambassadors of long experience, for he owed nothing to the politicians in the matter of his own election, and he had long been a civil-service reformer. But the pressure of the office-seekers was too strong to be resisted. While some of his appointments have been excellent, others have been the reverse. Thus it must have galled the President to read of the farewell dinner given to his Ambassador to Berlin by fifty Tammany men. In honoring Mr. Gerard, as in selecting Mr. Harrison for Governor-General of the Philippines, Mr. Wilson, wittingly or unwittingly, went to Tammany for two of its rich young men, ever ready with their campaign contributions to help keep alive that band of political pirates known as Tammany Hall. The minor diplomatic offices are now going to the ordinary hack politicians. Why, for instance, should William J. Price, of Danville, Ky., be sent as Minister to Panama? We have been unable to ascertain that he has had previous diplomatic service, or been anything else at home but a "prominent" local officeholder of mediocre abilities; and the same is true of others recently selected. Most disappointing has been Mr. Wilson's appointment of men like Mr. Penfield and Mr. Gerard, who contributed largely to his campaign fund. We have before us a vigorous protest from a reader against Mr. Morgenthau's selection for Turkey, on the same ground, and also because of his handling of the campaign funds. Anything that in any way connects diplomatic posts with money payments to a candidate or party is wholly regrettable, and Mr. Wilson cannot escape just criticism for this reason for several of his appointments.

THE BRYAN SCANDAL.

In his statement to the press on Sunday Mr. Bryan showed plainly that the continued criticisms of the newspapers, and particularly the foreign ones, on his lecturing for pay on Chautauqua circuits are beginning to make him wince. He felt that his foreign critics ought to know more about the facts before finding fault. It was not true that the Mexican and Japanese crises were so grave as rightfully to demand his full time. As for his home critics, he varied the usual answer of the Rooseveltian type of politician by substituting the epithet Tory for that of Wall Street, thus: "The domestic newspapers that have attacked me are all of the Tory stripe. Such attacks are to be expected. In the Tory newspapers the facts are distorted, and are twisted to suit the writers. There are reasons for those attacks." And he asked why it was that reporters who would not take $1,000 for the crime of murdering a man were willing to assassinate his reputation by misrepresenting facts.

Now, with Mr. Bryan's indignation at deliberate misrepresentation we have all sympathy. But we respectfully submit that nothing conscienceless yellow-journals have said about him could do him more harm than the simple fact that he is billed in circus style to appear between Swiss yodlers, bell-ringers, and sleight-of-hand performers. Mr. Bryan must have heard of William Allen White's Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*, which is certainly not open to the charge of being a tool of Wall Street, or of being a Tory organ. We reprint the juxtaposition of names which we took from a page advertisement of that paper:

New York City Marine Band
Avon Sketch Club
English Opera Quintet
Neapolitan Troubadours
William Jennings Bryan
Elliot A. Boyl
Sears, the Taffy Man
Lorenzo Zwickey
Ed. Amhurst Ott

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"And to think," adds the advertisement, "that all the supreme pleasure of this royal feast is yours for the mere payment of a few pennies a session under the season-ticket plan." And all of this is further cracked up to be "literary, musical, entertaining, instructive, devotional, inspirational, and life-building" —with the Secretary of State of the United States, holding the third office in rank in the country, as the special drawing card.

Now, the *Nation*, being published in the vicinity of Wall Street, has to admit its geographical damnation and to confess that it has been one of those journals which feel seriously concerned over the extra-official activities of Mr. Bryan. But there are no hidden motives for this, and there are no old scores it would even up. It simply has a deep respect for the office of Secretary of State, which transcends its interest in any given Secretary. It was not altogether displeased at Mr. Bryan's selection for his position, because it knew him to be a sincere devotee of peace. It has found much to admire in his conduct of his office, both in the Mexican and Japanese entanglements, and in his international peace-proposals. We, moreover, have not quarrelled with the idea that the Secretary of State or any other Cabinet official may from time to time accept pay for giving a lecture. We have no prejudice against the Chautauqua itself, and do not dispute that Mr. Bryan's discourses are all that he advertises them to be. He admirably expounds the homely virtues, the gospel of peace and human brotherhood, and probably gives to many of those who hear him better preaching and ethical teaching than otherwise falls to their lot. We are even willing to accept without question a Washington journalist's assertion that Mr. Bryan has actually spent more hours at his office than did his immediate predecessors in the same amount of time, and that when in Washington he works untiringly, often until late at night.

Despite all this we are deeply outraged by the spectacle of the Secretary of State appearing nightly under canvas for pay, or a part of the gate-receipts, in company with acrobats and vaudeville performers of every kind. We can most sincerely assure Mr. Bryan that in this part of the country our feeling is shared by all those who reverence our institutions and believe in their being dignified by those entrusted with the duty of governing. Into this feeling nothing enters which could properly be termed anti-democratic. When Mr. Wilson as Governor proposed to talk to his constituents annually from the steps of every county court house, it seemed to us an admirable plan. But no money consideration entered into it, and no jugglers or xylophone artists were included in the programme. We have no quarrel because the Secretary of State wishes to meet crowds of his fellow-citizens and draw inspiration from them. But we do protest emphatically at what is now going on—a Secretary of State cutting short conferences with foreign Ambassadors to rush off to a little town in West Virginia or Maryland to earn his $250; then returning to Washington by sleeper for a few hours at his office, and finally dashing off again for a wild night ride by auto or a train journey to some obscure hamlet. There, it is obvious, he appears not before a real old-fashioned Chautauqua—which was a dignified university extension type of movement—but before a vaudeville audience, with Sears, the Taffy Man, and Howard Jones's trained seals preceding or succeeding him in the limelight.

If Mr. Bryan will take our advice he will cease defending these performances and either resign his position forthwith, if he cannot live within his official means, or rest his case squarely upon his having the President's sanction for his performances. No other course appears to us to be possible. If that puts the responsibility for what seems to us nothing less than a scandal directly upon President Wilson, it is merely placing it where it already belongs. The President is charged with the duty of controlling his Cabinet, and the task of keeping its members in bounds when they exceed the proprieties, and that duty cannot be shirked even when the relationship is such as to call for most tactful and diplomatic procedure on the President's side.

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR.

Death has suddenly removed from the whirl of city life the most striking and extraordinary figure in New York; and he was snatched away at a moment when his part in the city's affairs was at its maximum of distinctiveness and perhaps of importance. If any one had been asked why there was any prospect of Mr. Gaynor's election as Mayor next November, the best short answer would have been that it was because he was the most interesting man in New York. The nature of the interest he excited was not simple; it was compounded of many elements. There was admiration for his courage; there was appreciation of his originality; there was delight in his wit and his almost unparalleled power of terse and pungent expression; there was wonder at the comprehensive range of his interests and sympathies, the readiness of his response to anything that smacked of genuine human interest, from the plaints of a strap-hanger or a push-cart man to the dreams of a Tolstoy or the theories of a Henry George.

In his public career, whatever its faults—and in our judgment they were many and grave—the dominant note was courage. It was his courage and success in fighting Boss McKane, at a time when bosses were far more difficult to fight than they are now, that first brought Mr. Gaynor into public notice; and we believe it can be said without qualification that from that day to his death he never flinched from attacking what he wished to attack, or defending what he wished to defend. Whatever position he made up his mind to maintain on any subject, that position he was never deterred from maintaining by fear either of criticism or of consequences. Signal examples of this will easily occur to any one. Among them are instances which we do not count to his credit, but which, in spite of the condemnation they justly aroused, undoubtedly served with many only to emphasize the identification of his personality with the idea of audacious courage. Of this his course in the Rosenthal-Becker police scandal and its sequels is the most remarkable example. But his career abounded with manifestations of courage and firmness for which unalloyed praise is due him. No politician, or group of politicians, dictated his policy; and he was afraid neither of labor organizations nor of newspapers. His masterful dealing with the garbage-men's strike was a signal proof of the former; and, though his sweeping denunciations of newspapers in general often overshot the mark, the predominant feature in them was a

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scathing contempt for yellow journalism. His undeviating and unstinted hostility to Hearst is deserving of special recognition and gratitude.

That this rare courage, this unusual independence of mind, and the remarkable powers both of thought and of expression with which Mr. Gaynor was gifted, did not result in such a career in the Mayoralty as might have been hoped from these qualities was due to elements of character into which it is not necessary now to enter. But while his faults were such as sufficed to justify most serious criticism, they were far from being such as, in the heat of the present campaign, were by some imputed to him. No appeal to the consideration due the dead is needed for the rejection of any such view of Mr. Gaynor, or for the acknowledgment of much faithful and valuable service rendered by him to the city. That he would have been unable to render that service had his Tammany associates been elected with him four years ago, as he wished, we feel quite certain; but none the less must it be acknowledged that he set his face firmly against the Tammany idea of city government, stood stanchly by the merit system in subordinate offices, and from the first stamped upon the city's affairs as a whole the mark of a business administration. How profoundly the city was impressed with this when it was fresh was amply manifested in the unqualified praise he received from newspapers that had opposed him, throughout the first year of his Mayoralty—praise which reached its climax when he lay wounded, and in peril of death, three years ago. His death now is, in all human probability, a consequence of that shot; and that shot would, in all human probability, never have been fired but for the Mayor's firm and defiant refusal to conduct his office on the spoils principle.

Mr. Gaynor's entry into the present Mayoralty contest was a public misfortune. The prospect of his being a candidate brought confusion into the situation, as it pointed straight to a disastrous division of the anti-Tammany forces. Had this factor not entered, the argument in favor of a solid front being presented by the whole Fusion ticket would have been much stronger; and with Mitchel, McAneny, Prendergast, and Whitman enthusiastically uniting their efforts the prospect of a great victory for good government would have been very bright.

CHANGES IN PRONUNCIATION.

LONDON, September 8.

As a rule, the correspondence columns of the London *Guardian*, the leading Church of England paper, appeal only to the ecclesiastical mind. The outsider is merely amazed and bewildered as he glances over page after page devoted to animated discussions of the minutiæ of liturgiology. Now and again, however, one discovers an oasis in these desert stretches of mediævalism. The last five issues have contained a really enlightening series of "letters to the editor" on changes in the pronunciation of English. The subject was started in an article by the Rev. J. E. Field, who took as his text the recent argument of the Poet Laureate in favor of spelling reform.

Mr. Field's thesis is that "the correct phonetic rendering of sounds in 1913 may have become quite incorrect in 2013, and extensive changes in spelling may mean worse trouble for our great-grandchildren." Opinions will doubtless vary as to the validity of his conclusion. The interesting point is the evidence presented by him, and by other correspondents of the *Guardian*, as to changes now in process. Mr. Field begins by reminding us that when Cowper wrote the lines, "God moves in a mysterious way. . . . He plants His footsteps in the sea," and again, "I am monarch of all I survey. . . . From the centre all round to the sea," these were good rhymes, for the English *sea* was sounded like the German *See*. So, too, the *tea* of our great-grandmothers was *tay*. Do we realize, asks Mr. Field, the extent to which similar changes are occurring at the present time?

Take vowel sounds, to begin with. We have made a revolutionary change in the sound of *i*, which in the time of Queen Elizabeth was pronounced in English as it still is in all other languages. One of the last survivors of Queen Victoria's bridesmaids always said *obleege*. The modern tendency is still gaining ground. Mr. Field has noticed a growing habit among the clergy to say *inspīration*, a practice which suggests the uncomfortable reflection that probably a coming generation will say *spīrit*. The name of the Oxford saint, Fridswide, is now commonly hardened into the harsh and inharmonious *Frīdeswīde*.

Again, the present-day tendency to pronounce the first vowel in *Berkshire* like that in *birch* illustrates how a once common sound of *e*, especially before *r*, is dropping out of use. In ancient writing *Berkshire* often appears as *Barkshire* and *park* as *perk*, showing that at one time *er* and *ar* were regarded as convertible. *Person* and *parson* give further evidence of the same point. Nowadays such words as *Hertford*, *Derby*, and *clerk* are becoming victims to what Mr. Field calls "the vulgar tendency to force all syllables under a rigid rule." Forty years ago *yallow* was not uncommon in the upper ranks of society, but it has now "succumbed to the destructive agency of education." A curious instance is *English*, which we spell with an *e* and pronounce with an *i*, in spite of the suggestion of its original vowel sound given in the equivalent *Angles*.

The letter *o* receives considerable attention in the *Guardian* discussion. The word *currant* indicates what our forefathers took to be the right way to pronounce *Corinth*. Among proper names the best-known survivals of the old pronunciation are *London* and *Somerset*. But *Compton* (correctly pronounced like *company*), *Cromwell*, *Ponsonby*, *Monmouth*, and *Montgomery* are yielding to the desire for standardization. *Foreign* has long since capitulated, and so has *sovereign*, where the vowel once had the same sound as in *covenant*.

Another correspondent remembers that, as a boy, he was caned for sounding the aspirate in *humble*, but now everybody sounds it. Possibly, Uriah Heep accelerated the change in usage. Formerly, as Mr. Field recalls, we followed the French rule of aspirating the *h* in our Teutonic words, but not in our Latin words. We still ignore the aspirate in pronouncing *heir*, *hour*, *honest*, and *honour*. The seniors among us retain this rule in the case of *herb* and *hospital* (of whose original pronunciation the word *ostler* is also an evidence), but the juniors have adopted the prevailing prejudice against allowing written letters to be silent. In the *Guardian* discussion no one has called attention to the curious difference between the English and the American treatment of *h* in unaccented syllables. An Englishman speaks of *an (h)istorical treatise*, ignoring the *h* altogether in his pronunciation, but an American of *a historical treatise*. The explanation seems to be that this difference is the natural and inevitable result of the difference between the English and the American treatment of particles. An American gives the particle *a* the full sound of the same letter in "fate," and detaches it completely from the following word, with a distinct pause between them. An Englishman, on the other hand, makes his *a* short, and runs it rapidly on to the next word. Thus, while the American gives equal value to each word in *a religious treatise*, in the Englishman's mouth this becomes almost *urreligious treatise*. Now, suppose the second word begins with *h*. If its first syllable is accented, full

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value can be given to the aspirate, however rapid the pronunciation. But the attempt to pronounce an unaccented *h* syllable in rapid connection with the previous word produces only an uneuphonious grunt. *A history* can be uttered at the highest speed of which the human vocal organism is capable, but *a historical* is a problem.

But to return to the *Guardian* discussion. Several letters note changes in popular usage with regard to accent. *Balcóny* has given way to *bálcony*, and *revénue* to *révenue*. So, too, *precédence* and *fanátic* are now frequently pronounced *précedence* and *fánatic*. Complaint is made that many of the clergy nowadays say *Deúteronomy* instead of *Deuterónomy*, although they do not follow out their principles consistently by saying also *pálæography*, *ástronomy*, or *géology*. The general tendency thus seems to be to throw the accent further back. Mr. Field notes, and regrets, an example of the reverse process in *doctrinal*, which in many churches nowadays is pronounced not *dóctrinal*, but *doctrī'nal*. Somebody, apparently, remembered suddenly that the *i* in *doctrina* is long, and did not stop to reflect that the question is governed not by the quantity of the *i* in the substantive, but by the accent of the adjectival form, *doctrinalis*. Will the day come, Mr. Field wonders, when we shall be told that such pronunciations as *doctrī'nal* are entirely *natū'ral*?

H. W. H.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Bernard Shaw, somewhere in one of his innumerable and interminable prefaces, has complained that critics have traced his literary relationships to Nietzsche, Ibsen, Strindberg, and others, whereas they might have had the patriotism to discover his ancestors in his own native Britain. In fact, he suggested Charles Lever, the author of a novel which made a lasting impression upon him as a boy, a Capt. Wilson, and a certain Mr. Stuart Glennie. Now, I purpose to do Mr. Shaw the slight courtesy he desires; yes, I shall go to an Englishman who was even educated in Ireland—but I shall go back to the seventeenth century. Impossible? Shaw, who made sport of Ramsden because he had not an idea later than eighteen sixty, can he be found in the sixteen hundreds?

The differences between Shaw and Congreve are many and obvious, yet it is nevertheless true that the Restoration Comedy, of which I take Congreve as an example, presents many similarities to Shaw. The great abiding difference is the spirit in which these characteristics are displayed. My comparison shall be general between Shaw and Congreve, but where I grow specific, as in quotations, I shall have reference to "The Way of the World" and "Man and Superman."

Both Shaw and the drama after 1660 are reactionary. The former is a reaction against present thought and sentiment, the latter against the previous period of Puritanism. But there is a difference in the character of the reaction. One is a natural unconscious process, the other a deliberate antagonism. The Restoration theatre is like the unwinding of a spring just released. Shaw is a gun deliberately aimed and intentionally fired. But the difference is everything.

Congreve is immoral, but though we cannot accuse Shaw of immorality, we cannot approve him as moral. I confess this is a treacherous ambiguous use of the word "moral." The immorality of Congreve is a downright vulgarity; the unmorality of Shaw is only a theory of ethical conduct. But the effect of both is, in a way, the same: neither tends to uplift our moral character—though Shaw seriously means to uplift it by giving us a new basis, a new Decalogue. He desires to tear us from our moral moorings, believing them to be rotten, and to steer us for a new port. Again the difference in spirit is everything.

In particular, the Restoration drama presents three phenomena—(1) an absence of the breath of nature, (2) an anti-social spirit, and (3) an abundance of wit. And Shaw likewise.

Of nature as beauty, as romance, as a something, as a pulse to give feeling to the play, of this you hear nothing in Shaw or Congreve. Of nature as a philosophy of the life force in the one, and of nature in the other as a system of etiquette, of these you read. In the five acts of "The Way of the World" all the scenes, with the exception of two, are within doors. In "Man and Superman" three of the four acts are in the open, in a park or among the mountains, but these scenes are used merely as a means of physical location, and never in any of the lines are they referred to with any poetic charm. Nature does not exist.

Nature is wanting, but society is present. Both plays are anti-social; that is, both plays mock current, conventional society. Shaw attacks our mockeries seriously and remorselessly. Congreve is not so genuine. Indeed, there is the feeling that society is used only as a means to show off his wit. He certainly is not as conscious of a purpose to laugh at the *précieux* of his day as Shaw is of satirizing the "respectable" people of to-day. But yet words are not merely sounds; they convey thought, and Congreve does mock his society. Let us hear both him and Shaw.

Mirabell: I denounce against all strait lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit with proviso that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee: as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth—but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths or toast fellows.

And Shaw:

Tanner: We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions, of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. Good Lord, my dear Ramsden, we are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is.

Both are saying what they mean, but only one of them is stirred. Here, also, perhaps, is the place to remark that neither Shaw nor Congreve is a master of character. It is not character, but manners, that they describe.

As to wit, both rank high. Not humor, but wit, characterizes both Shaw and Congreve, though occasionally there is an inclination in both of them to a bit of horse-play, as in the superfluous third act of "Man and Superman," and Act IV of "The Way of the World." Shaw is sharp; Congreve polished. Shaw is the keenness of a stiletto's edge; Congreve is the gleam of its polished surface. Congreve is a wit; Shaw is a wit with a purpose. Yet frequently their styles of scintillation approximate each other, so that you could scarcely tell, for instance, unless you had read one of the plays, who wrote the following:

Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together; but let us be very strange and well-bred; let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while, and as well-bred as if we were not married at all.

Even the English does not betray the author.

Or take this selection:

Fainall: 'Tis for the honor of England that all Europe should know we have blockheads of all ages.

Mirabell: I wonder there is no act of Parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

The following lines indicate the difference in intent in the two authors:

Mrs. Marwood: Faith, by marrying; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

And Shaw:

Tanner: We do the world's will, not our own. I have a frightful feeling that I shall let myself be married because it is the world's will that you should have a husband.

"Nihil novi sub sole"—not even Shaw.

ISADOR EDELMAN.

Correspondence

PROFESSOR KITTREDGE AS TEACHER OF LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of an article on Professor Kittredge which appeared in your issue of September 11 "does not recall that any one has acknowledged indebtedness to him for a 'love of good literature,'" and is "inclined to doubt whether he considers it any part of his function to impart to his students a love of literature"; and again: "Professor Kittredge has taken few chances at making great literary historians or critics." That many of Professor Kittredge's students will protest against these assertions I have no doubt; personally I cannot refrain from offering my testimony on the point.

Specializing in English, I studied eight years at four institutions of repute, but from no course did I receive more illumination through the interpreting of lit-

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erature than I obtained from English 2 at Harvard (Professor Kittredge's course on six plays of Shakespeare). Notably I recall an entire hour given to portraying the character of Lady Macbeth, introduced by the words: "Lady Macbeth is one of the simplest, strongest, and greatest characters in literature." The tone of the words as they were uttered is in my ears as I write, and the lecture still seems to me to sustain the tradition of Hazlitt, Lamb, and Coleridge. Then there was the evolution of Lear's madness; the keen differentiation of Goneril and Regan; Edmund, the natural son, trusting in his native villany; the submissive faithfulness of Helena and the "gentle raillery" of the Countess in "All's Well"; with, not least, the triumphant readiness of Falstaff's wit to about-face and meet a new emergency. Nor shall I forget how our attention was called to Banquo's whimsicality, to the contrasting servants who bring tidings to Macbeth in Act V, the dual phases of Kent and Edgar, etc., etc. These are separate points, but I also felt that by Professor Kittredge's magic (I use the word advisedly, though speaking of a "scientific" man) the plays we read were unfolded before us as living organic wholes of art. As to stylistic points, we were made aware of the splendid diction of the witches at Macbeth's last interview, of Vernon's eulogy on Prince Hal, even of the "Russian" in "All's Well," concerning which our instructor said that he pitied any one who had not sufficient appreciation of nonsense to enjoy it. Besides, there were comparisons with Greek tragedies and citations of English poems.

These instances are set down after an interval of ten years on the spur of the moment without any reference to my notes or to the plays, and I could go on almost indefinitely. I have perhaps recorded enough to indicate the spirit of the course as a whole, but I can never express the inspiration it was and is to me. The scientific attainments of Professor Kittredge are admired and applauded by all; let any one who has glanced over the preceding remarks decide whether this eminent scholar "considers it any part of his function to impart to his students a love of literature."

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

University of Pennsylvania, September 12.

THE IDEAL REPUBLIC OF LEARNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Goethe is right in saying that we possess only what we enjoy, the intellectual life can hardly be accounted among the visible possessions of American undergraduates. What they learn is seldom assimilated to the extent of coloring their ways of thought and speech; what they learn they seem seldom to justify to themselves. Passing from the classroom to the liberal air of the campus, they lapse—if lapse be necessary—by an easy descent into the undiscriminating and surface thinking, the flat and ill-articulated speech of the uneducated. Is it not clear that the college community often furnishes in stimulating contact of mind with mind a poor substitute for the family circle that recognizes in table talk and fireside talk the claims of the spirit?

In spite of much anxious legislation, our college authorities fail to control student life at many vital points. Students may not drink to excess, their dances may not last after midnight—each law in its letter may be observed—but how about the authority of culture, which the united voice of the faculty presumably declares? Is this voice heard above the acclaim that comes from the athletic field and is it echoed in the casual conversations of students? Even to attentive ears, of course, it may come very faintly from the professors who have been "rooting" at the big game. Surely, every one knows that what is called "keeping in touch with the students" amounts very often to a frank repudiation of truly academic values and preferences. With such melancholy examples, we cannot blame the students if the whole community is not of one mind upon the need of elevating and refining its common life. For if gold rust, what shall iron do?

The ways and means of forming an academic society that will rest firmly upon an intellectual basis and not be overgrown with a thicket of silly organizations and movements are not clear; but something might be accomplished by a more liberal classroom policy, one in which the personality of teacher and of student should have freer play, one that should seem less like forbidding personal discipline. Course examinations, if required at all, should be of minimum importance, students being tested in broad and searching subject examinations, in preparation for which they would develop the initiative and self-direction of the educated mind. If they are to find themselves, they should be heartened to pursue independent studies—not necessarily "research"—stimulated at every turn by contact with men of light and leading. Under the existing system there is little nurture of self-respect in the case of the student who with necessarily indecent haste is trying to keep up with fussy and multifarious demands of scrap reading and inevitably hasty reports. If he is a man of original mind and consecutive thought, he will find it hard to excuse an instructor for introducing him to Arnold before he has finished his study of Carlyle, for confronting him with Keats just when he is beginning to see something in Shelley.

Little can be done without more vitalizing social contact among all who make up the university society. For what does culture count unless it is daily realized? And how is it realized unless it so permeates the social group that each member partakes of its beneficent power? The question is, of course, not one of generous communication from professors to students of all the requisites of Cardinal Newman's gentleman. The blunt fact is that the professors themselves have much to learn if they are to fill any better place than that which they occupy behind the classroom counter. It is not from that supposedly strategic point that they can do most towards the formation of that society within college walls without which it is not likely that our colleges will impress their stamp deeply and clearly upon the life of our people. If the professor's competence for his post is to be tested, it must be by the words of his mouth wherever uttered and by the daily meditations of his heart. J.

Urbana, Ill., September 11.

MRS. YOUNG AND THE CHICAGO SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I write to protest against such an expression as I read on page 200 of your issue of September 4, in reference to Mrs. Young, superintendent of the public schools of Chicago. Mrs. Young has demonstrated her good judgment and wisdom, and she needs no defence. Her attitude in regard to the persistent demand for instruction in sex hygiene, namely, that it shall be taught by specially qualified and approved men and women, commends itself to people of good judgment. ELLEN C. SABIN.

Milwaukee-Downer College, September 6.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since you have of late permitted several contributions on the Roman Catholic Church, I take the liberty of presenting another.

Last April there was delivered at my room at Harvard a sample copy of the *Menace*. In it was an item dealing with the attitude of the Philadelphia *North American* towards a sermon of one Father Phelan, of St. Louis. It appeared that a subscriber had written to ask why the *North American* had paid so much attention to the speech of Gov. Blease, but had said nothing of Phelan's utterance, "To Hell with the Government of the United States." In reply the *North American* asserted that the priest had never made any such speech. Thereupon the *Menace* offered to prove that he had, and further offered a reward of one hundred dollars to the *North American* if it would publish the whole sermon. As the matter seemed to me to be one that would bear investigation, I wrote to the editor of the *North American* three different times, once a registered letter, but received no answer save that embodied in a return receipt. This experience, with another of more recent date, where the two local newspapers absolutely ignored a most revolting scandal connected with a priest (although one of them had not the slightest compunction about publishing an outrageous bit of ill-authenticated gossip regarding a recently married Protestant couple), lends an air of truth to the charge that there is a well-subsidized, carefully muzzled press in this country.

Apropos of G. H.'s communication, I have in my possession a book, entitled "Christian vs. Godless Schools," by T. J. Jenkins, published in 1889. It is endorsed by Cardinals Newman, James Gibbons, and others. From this book it is evident that in the minds of these men our schools are godless, and further that the following principle of action receives their endorsement:

> Neither is it expected of or designed by a Catholic, as God is our witness, that he should aid in any *secret* conspiracy for the bootless enterprise of *suddenly* overthrowing a public legal system, *unlawful* though that system be. We bring home to the consciences of Catholics that it is their *duty* to continue *deserting* all mere secular schools, and building schools of their own, until public opinion itself undermine what contains the source of its own downfall, and we be relieved of unjust taxes. (Italics are mine.)

On the same page we find the following: "Europe is convulsing in the ever-tightening folds of two serpents—the one public

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and deadly, the other secret and poisonous as the asp in the fig leaves of Cleopatra's basket. They are the public state schools and the Secret Societies of Continental Masonry." This little booklet, which ran through several editions, goes on in this way gibing at our public schools for 174 pages. Such then is the attitude of Rome towards the public school; it seems to square well with its regard for the free press. C.

Haverhill, Mass., August 28.

WORDSWORTH MISQUOTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to call attention to a flagrant misquotation which is to be found in the review of "Pickett and his Men," in the *Nation* for August 21. The lines in question are taken from Wordsworth's poem on the "Character of the Happy Warrior," and should read:

> Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
> Nor thought of *tender* happiness betray.

The error lies in the substitution of the word "sinful" for "tender" as an epithet of happiness, thereby entirely transforming the meaning of the line, and making it absolutely foreign to the idea expressed in the rest of the poem. The thought of "*sinful* happiness" has no place in the poet's conception of a man of honor, neither is it appropriate to the character of Gen. Pickett.

As a lover of Wordsworth I cannot let the mistake pass unchallenged. Doubtless many other readers of the *Nation* have been equally offended by it.

C. E. FURNESS.

Whitefield, N. H., August 28.

Literature

SCHURZ, THE ORATOR AND PATRIOT.—I.

Speeches, Correspondence, and Political Papers of Carl Schurz. Selected and Edited by Frederic Bancroft, on behalf of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6 vols. $12 net.

It is eminently fitting that the political life of Carl Schurz in this country, as partly told in his own "Reminiscences," and supplemented by Frederic Bancroft and William A. Dunning, in their sketch of his career from 1869 to his death, should now be allowed to unfold itself in an authoritative collection of his principal speeches, a large number of his characteristic letters (sometimes with the replies of his correspondents), and other miscellaneous writings. The material placed in the hands of Mr. Bancroft was abundant. Schurz kept a careful record of all he said or wrote for publication, and the editor has selected with excellent judgment what best illustrates the qualities of the orator and statesman, though it is to be regretted that of the early speeches, delivered between 1858-64, and published in 1865 (now out of print), but four have been retained.

Mr. Bancroft's documents are placed before us in chronological order, with no connecting thread and but few explanatory notes. The first letters, translated from the German, deal with Mr. Schurz's impressions of America shortly after his arrival. Of the extraordinary rapidity with which he mastered the political questions of the day there is proof in his early letters to Gottfried Kinkel, the German poet and professor at Bonn, whose escape from the fortress of Spandau he had so skilfully effected. He enlightens his friend as to the problems that are agitating the country; he speaks of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the Know-Nothing movement, the anti-slavery agitation, and the question of the annexation of Cuba. Though still deeply interested in the affairs of his mother country, American life has taken the strongest hold of him. "I love America," he writes to Kinkel, in 1855. A letter written a year later contains the following striking forecast:

> From now on there can be only two parties in the Union: a Northern and a Southern party—an anti and a pro-slavery party, and at the present moment the Democrats up here are only the outposts of the slave-power in the free States. At last the slavery issue has become the watchword of the day; the time for compromise has passed, and the last chance for a peaceful solution has come. The next four years will decide the fate of the United States; in both camps there is firm determination. We have on our side the spirit of the age, a great inspiring idea and superior ability. The South has unanimity and brutality. I am not sure that this fight can be decided without powder. I doubt it. However, should the force of arms be resorted to as a last measure, the result cannot be doubtful, for the material superiority of the North is immense.

During the Frémont campaign of 1856, Schurz's speeches, in both German and English, delivered in the State of Wisconsin, established his reputation as an orator. His address on "The Irrepressible Conflict," at Chicago (September 25, 1858), stirred the nation to its depths. That remarkable address ought not to have been absent from these volumes. Schurz, the philosophical statesman, was clearly foreshadowed in his campaign speeches of that year. He was naturally attracted by the broad inclusiveness of the ideas of our Western States. In a letter to Gerrit Smith he predicted that the Know-Nothing movement was doomed to failure, and that "the philosophical rather than the radical wing of the Republican party" was destined to obtain control. But he understood the East as he did the West. He paid a magnificent tribute to the early spirit of New England, and appealed to what is best in Anglo-Saxon traditions, in his address on "True Americanism," delivered in Faneuil Hall, April 18, 1859. We catch in his impassioned accents an echo of the superb eloquence of Kossuth, who, seven years previously, had appealed to American liberty in behalf of Hungary on the same spot.

The Presidential campaign of 1860 found in Schurz one of the most ardent and effective supporters of Lincoln, and brought the two men into intimate contact. In a letter written by Lincoln, June 18, in which he heartily approved Schurz's campaign plan, he said: "I beg you to be assured that your having supported Gov. Seward, in preference to myself, in the Convention, is not even remembered by me for any practical purpose, or the slightest unpleasant feeling." A month later Schurz delivered an address at a mass meeting at Springfield, Ill. His impressions of the Presidential candidate on that occasion are thus set down in a letter to Mrs. Schurz, which, precisely because never intended for publication, furnishes an unusually life-like portrait-sketch of Mr. Lincoln (we quote from the translation of the German original):

> I was with Lincoln yesterday. He is the same kindly old fellow, quite as unpretentious and ingenuous as ever. The reception committee had reserved quarters for me at the hotel, and Lincoln was one of the first to knock at my door. He wears a linen sack-coat, and a hat of doubtful age, but his appearance is neat and cleanly. We talked in my room for nearly two hours. I was lying on my bed, resting, when he came, and he insisted on my remaining so. He talked of the Presidential election with as much placid, cheerful frankness as if he were discussing the potato crop. He told me of all the letters and visits with which he was flooded, and said that he was not answering those asking for office and the like. "Men like you," he added, "who have real merit and do the work, are always too proud to ask for anything; those who do nothing are always the most clamorous for office, and very often get it, because it is the only way to get rid of them. But if I am elected, they will find a tough customer to deal with, and you may depend upon it that I shall know how to distinguish deserving men from drones."

Lincoln insisted on accompanying Schurz to the Capitol, and sat directly in front of him. Schurz spoke in both English and German, and when he had finished Lincoln shook hands with him and said: "You are an awful fellow! I understand your power now."

Perhaps the greatest of Schurz's rhetorical triumphs during the campaign was his address on "The Doom of Slavery"—a powerful appeal to the slave-holder—delivered at St. Louis, August 1, 1860. The eloquent young orator was in demand throughout the country. He spoke in Indiana and Pennsylvania, as well as in New York city, cheered everywhere by enthusiastic crowds. After the election Schurz, as he wrote to his wife, was "swamped with letters from office seekers." He confided to her that he had written to

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Lincoln, giving his views of the political situation and stating that he would "never submit to a compromise, and would leave the party the moment it abandoned its principles."

Nothing in the volumes before us is historically so important as the evidence that Presidential candidates and Presidents, from Lincoln to Roosevelt, either sought Schurz's advice, or profited by the offered counsel. Schurz's opinions were in every instance dictated by the loftiest patriotism, and even if not invariably correct, his advice heightened the respect of the recipient for the fearless adviser. Lincoln's answer to Schurz's criticism of his slowness as commander-in-chief, and of his persistence in placing Democrats in high military positions, is well known. Lincoln had the best of the argument, but he continued to value Schurz's judgment, just as Schurz learned to appreciate, more and more, Lincoln's wisdom. Writing to a German friend, in October, 1864, Schurz said:

> I have criticised him often and severely, and later I found that he was right. . . . His Administration is the most representative that the history of the world has ever seen. I will make a prophecy that may sound peculiar. In fifty years, perhaps much sooner, Lincoln's name will be inscribed close to Washington's on this American republic's roll of honor. And there it will remain for all time. The children of those who persecute him now will bless him.

Schurz's letters to Andrew Johnson show that their relations were never cordial, though the President was sufficiently impressed with Schurz's personality to send him on a confidential mission to investigate conditions in the Southern States. After his return, the natural antagonism between the two men became more marked. In his memorable address on "The Logical Results of the War," delivered at Philadelphia September 8, 1866, Schurz protested, with all the fervor of his eloquence, against the assumption of certain political leaders that the policy of Andrew Johnson was but another name for the policy of Abraham Lincoln.

Schurz earnestly supported Gen. Grant during the Presidential campaign of 1868, but as the newly elected Senator from Missouri he soon found himself in outspoken opposition to him. In a letter written to Gen. Grant in July, 1870, Schurz referred to the painful change in their relations, owing to their differences concerning the San Domingo treaty, but he asked for an interview, in order to remove the erroneous impression that he had attacked him personally in the secret session of the Senate:

> When we had our first conversation about the San Domingo Treaty, he wrote, I told you frankly that I was opposed to it on conscientious grounds, and would endeavor to defeat it. When the Senate had closed the first debate on the Treaty, I beseeched you to drop the matter there; that advice sprang from patriotic motives, and subsequent events have demonstrated its judiciousness so clearly that I should not hesitate to repeat it. In fighting the Treaty, I have used all the legitimate means of parliamentary warfare, and, looking back upon my conduct, I have nothing for which I should reproach myself.

Schurz's independence of party ties was never more strikingly manifested than in his attitude in the Greeley campaign. It was this trait of his character which so many of his political adversaries could neither understand nor forgive. He did not conceal his disappointment at Greeley's nomination. "I assure you," he wrote to him, "I did not go to Cincinnati to have anybody in particular nominated, and therefore I do not mourn over the defeat of a favorite. I did not advise your nomination, because I foresaw certain difficulties. But these difficulties have been rendered immeasurably more grave by the manner in which your nomination was brought about." There followed an active interchange of letters between Greeley and Schurz, the former becoming increasingly hopeful, the latter remaining skeptical. Schurz's course after the disastrous result of Greeley's campaign was clear to him. In a letter to Horace White he said: "You ask me what in my opinion should now be done. It is perfectly clear to my mind. We should virtually do the same thing after the reëlection of Grant that we should have done after the election of Greeley. We should continue to struggle for the realization of the ideas embodied in our original programme and be governed by no other consideration."

The relations between Schurz and Rutherford B. Hayes began with a letter in which, shortly after Hayes's nomination for the Presidency, Schurz addressed him "with that confidence and frankness with which one gentleman may speak to another." It would be impossible, he said, to conduct the campaign on the old war issues. "There is at present far more strength, as there is more wisdom and patriotism, in the advocacy of a policy of justice and conciliation than in an attempt to rake up old animosities and in a mere repetition of old cries." Schurz urged that the question of civil service reform was "the most seriously sore point of the party." He advised Hayes to "substitute for the vague and discredited promises of a platform the frank and vigorous pledge of a man known to be a man of honor."

Schurz was as candid in his correspondence with Hayes—offering suggestions of his own and criticising what Hayes submitted to him—as he was, four years later, in his dealings with Garfield. "I consider it a duty," he wrote to Garfield after his nomination, "to say to you that your letter of acceptance has been a great disappointment to very many good men who hailed your nomination with joy and hope. Especially the vagueness of your language on the financial question, and still more the positive abandonment of ground taken, and to a great extent, maintained, by the present Administration with regard to the civil service, have greatly discouraged many who expected to support you with enthusiasm and would have done so with effect."

In season and (as it sometimes seemed to more than one Presidential candidate or President) out of season, Schurz counselled and admonished. To Grover Cleveland he wrote, just before his first inauguration: "The more I think of it the more does it seem to me that your inaugural is a matter of uncommon importance—that it should rise as far as possible above the perfunctory commonplace of such occasions and speak with the voice of leadership to the political forces behind you, to give them impulse and direction." Cleveland had mentioned to him the names of the men he thought of for Cabinet positions, and Schurz freely gave his opinion. Shortly after the inauguration he urged upon the President the desirability of reappointing Postmaster Pearson, of New York city, and in reply to Cleveland's letter on the subject, Schurz wrote: "I hasten to remove a wrong impression which my letter seems to have produced. It is that it 'indicated the wishes of a friend and ally who had a right to insist upon the recognition he asks.' Nothing could be farther from my mind than to insist upon a 'recognition.' The practice of recognizing persons by the use of official trust for political or personal services rendered, is, on the contrary, one of the practices I have frequently denounced as dangerous. What I want to see recognized is not a person but the public interest."

In a letter to President McKinley in October, 1897, occurs a passage which will be read with interest at the present day:

> I trust you have received the suggestions I took the liberty of submitting to you through Mr. McAneny, concerning the supposed interference of your Administration in our municipal election, in the spirit in which they were conceived; and I am exceedingly glad to learn that no such interference on your part is intended. New York municipal politics have always been an extremely dangerous field for any National Administration to venture upon. If Tammany should be successful, the public opinion of the country, as it has already pronounced itself, will doubtless award the responsibility to the Republican machine here; and you can certainly not desire to be involved in the disaster.

The correspondence between Schurz and Roosevelt (not all of Mr. Roosevelt's replies have been published) discloses many interesting points of contact and contrast between the two men. On December 29, 1903, Schurz writes:

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In your letter you refer to the fact that you have occasionally taken the advice of Booker Washington about the appointment to office of colored persons. Pardon me for remarking that, when I found at the time mention of this fact in the newspapers, it caused me some anxiety—not as if I had feared that his advice might not be candid and wise, which it undoubtedly was, but because I thought that Booker Washington was so peculiarly valuable a man, and his mission so important and at the same time so delicate, that he should most carefully be kept free of all contact with politics—especially that part of politics which has to do with patronage. Do you not think so?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Way of Ambition. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

It has not often been possible in the past for readers of serious mind to take Mr. Hichens seriously as a writer of fiction. He has always been intense enough about his business, but intensity is not strength, and it is more common to strain at a camel and swallow a gnat than the reverse. There is something mawkish and enervating about his most popular work, and one may have been tempted to trace its popularity to its defects. But this, after all, is rarely true of any work which has sustained its hold on a miscellaneous audience. If "The Garden of Allah" made headway with a certain class of readers by reason of its appeal to prurient taste, it probably conquered its public in general quite as much by virtue of its picturesque or atmospheric quality. His Orient was what Occidental dreams are made on—the dreams of the "average man," or, more probably, the average woman. His Garden has been easily transferred to the stage.

In his present story Mr. Hichens has gone beyond his ordinary theme of the sex situation. He has retained, in some degree, the favorite atmosphere, since part of the action takes place in Algiers. But the problem is primarily not that of East and West, or of man and woman, but of the artist and his work. Claude Heath is a young English composer of austere ideals and practice. Though approaching his thirties, he has attempted to publish nothing. He is conscious of a strain of weakness, a desire to give others what they demand of him, and deliberately guards himself from temptation by living as a recluse. He becomes known, however, to one or two connoisseurs in music, and through them his acquaintance is extended. He meets a widow, Mrs. Mansfield, and her daughter Charmian. The mother is thoroughly in sympathy with his aims and his work, but the daughter, worshipping "success," cannot understand either. Still she feels that there is something great in him, and succeeds in marrying him. Through her he is led to turn away from his ideals and try for popularity. The opera which results is a failure because it lacks sincerity, and when we leave him he is roused to a sense of his infidelity to his real self, and determined to live once more his own life. The rôles of Heath and Charmian are too strongly marked, the former too much a weakling, the latter too much a fool, to command the sympathy of which the situation is capable. Several of the minor figures, Mrs. Mansfield, Susan Fleet, Crayford, the American manager, are far more credible. But certainly in this book Mr. Hichens has gone further than heretofore in the direction of straightforward interpretation; and for the most part he has avoided the lure of the purple passage.

Round the Corner. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"Being of such a strange temper and vision," says Mr. Cannan, "that when I aim my pen at a man I am as likely as not to hit his grandfather, I have in this instance endeavored to forestall the treachery of my faculties and to go straight for the grandfather." That grandfather is Francis Folyat, Bachelor of Divinity and father of a large family, an admirable old man. We have had a glimpse of him (by another name) in Mr. Cannan's preceding novel, "Little Brother," and we are likely to hear of him again, for his—grandson, we almost said—his creator, is very happy in portraits of hale and philosophic old age. But even the smiling optimism of the Rev. Francis Folyat is scarcely proof against the smoke of, say, Manchester. Whenever you see a blot of darkness as you fly, declared the late aviator, Cody, you know you are over a town. The smoke and ugliness of "our town" all but withered the wholesome juices of the good clergyman's frame. He left the soft airs of Cornwall with his many children in the hope that his daughters would find husbands; he left "our town" in the twilight of his life, taking back to his Cornish garden little except a pair of patient, good-humored eyes. For in "our town" ugliness is unmitigated and life is never fully realized; always, it is "round the corner." "Rapacity made this town what it is," observes one of the characters. "Think what it might have been, what all towns might have been, if love had made them!"

Mr. Cannan lifts the curtain upon a crowd of people, and gradually, naturally, each one drifts down stage to the footlights of our attention. Serge and Minna, Frederic and Gertrude, the Lawries and their son, the impassioned acolyte, we shall not lightly forget. Fear and unfriendliness are perpetual non-paying guests in this, and, according to Mr. Cannan, in every middle-class house, but somehow life triumphs after all. If Frederic is weak, his vagabond brother Serge returns from South Africa and Ceylon (Mr. Cannan has a passion for those places) full of ripe, warm wisdom; if Minna marries for convenience, her little sister Annette seizes love with both hands even amid the smoke and grime of that appalling industrialism. Mr. Cannan preaches no sermon, but the uneasiness and unrest of present-day England are in his book.

Father Gregory; or, Lures and Failures. A Tale of Hindostan. By Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Not long ago we had occasion to notice a series of odd tales grouped under the title "Dew and Mildew." They were further described as "semi-detached stories," a label appropriate to the present collection also. They are strung together by a single thread, that of consequence. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth" may be taken as Mr. Wren's motto. His imagination is both aroused and confined by the sense of minute cause and endless effect. The events in "Dew and Mildew" sprang from the curse of a fakir. If John Durham had not forgotten his intention to shoot a wretched pariah-dog, his son would not have been born in a madhouse, and the Chotapettah Club would never have been founded. John Durham's son is founder and manager of the club. Himself a victim of circumstance, a born outcast by reason of his illegitimacy, he determines to found a club for men of good birth who have failed—"a harbor," as one of its members calls it, "for first-class hulks; a home for lost, strayed, stolen, and starving dogs of good pedigree; an almshouse for decayed (and rotten) gentlemen." It harbors broken soldiers, civil service men, men of all the learned professions. It is an almshouse only for those who choose to make it so. There is a free list, but a paying list also for such as have been able, in some measure, to "come back." The book is made up of the stories of these failures, and of the diverse lures to which they have succumbed. Father Gregory is the good angel of the club, its spirit and inspiration, as Durham is its mind and practical stay. He has a story of his own, which remains untold. There is more than a touch of the grewsome in these tales, as in the former collection; and the author's contempt for the native character and for the attempts of the Government to foist a European culture upon an Asiatic people is again vigorously expressed.

Discovering Evelina. By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In "The Jessamy Bride" Mr. Moore made a love-story for Goldsmith out of the vague traditions connected with the beautiful Miss Horneck. Here he invents a romance for Fanny Burney. The

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invention seems to be based on a passage in one of her letters to "Daddy Crisp" in which she raves girlishly about the beauty and charm of Rauzzini, a young Italian tenor who was then the idol of London, and who had come to one of Dr. Burney's Sunday afternoons. Daddy Crisp rallied her on her enthusiasm, and there, apparently, was an end of the matter. But the hint is enough for a person bent upon finding a love story in Miss Burney's early life. She is here represented as the Cinderella of the Burney family, a child to be condescended to, for her shyness and her lack of musical accomplishment. She has copied out Dr. Burney's great "History of Music," and is known to be fond of scribbling; but nobody attaches any importance to the habit. When the narrative begins, she has already written "Evelina" and it is now printing; but no one knows of her guilt but a dull cousin who acts as go-between with the unsuspecting publisher. The story of the novel's amazing success and the still more amazing discovery of its authorship is told with some skill. Garrick is shown at his mimicry, Mrs. Thrale at her task of bear-leader, Dr. Johnson in his rôle of playful patron. But what possible need was there of going to all this trouble? If any tale has been told well and for all time, it is this very tale (without the artificial injection of a "heart-interest"), in that imperishable classic, the earlier diary of "little Miss Burney."

ROME.

Companion to Roman History. By H. Stuart Jones, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. With illustrations. The Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde. $5 net.

The Grandeur that Was Rome: A Survey of Roman Culture and Civilization by J. C. Stobart, M.A., late Lecturer in History, Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Sidgwick & Jackson. 30 shillings net.

The expression "companion to Roman history" is perhaps indefinite enough to cover almost any collection of essays on miscellaneous phases of Roman civilization, but as a title of a volume by Mr. H. Stuart Jones, it is likely to create expectations which the contents do not warrant. Of the eight chapters into which the material is divided, that on Roman architecture fills about one-third of the entire volume, beginning with materials and methods of construction and considering successively the various forms to which the genius of the architect, native or imported, was applied. "Artistically speaking," Mr. Jones says, "the triumphs of the Roman architects are to be sought in the 'symphonies in space' which their interiors present; the exterior of these colossal buildings makes no such appeal either to the æsthetic sense or to the intellect as the Greek temple." And again: "Although the genius of the Romans was triumphantly shown in the solution of constructive problems, which carried them even further from the rigid simplicity of Greek architecture towards the subtler equilibrium of opposing stresses, and their artistic handling of space is perhaps unsurpassed, they failed to grasp the true principle of *decoration*, viz., that it should emphasize and not obscure structural function." These two passages suggest sufficiently the kind and extent of credit which the author is disposed to give to Roman architecture as apart from the Greek.

In art, as in architecture, Mr. Jones is willing to concede to the Romans certain worthy traits of their own, in spite of the fact that they "were long content to plunder rather than to produce." He admits the difficulty of determining what proportion of the individuals who satisfied the Roman demand for works of art were of Italian origin; but, in spite of the known fact that the artists of the Augustan age were mainly Greeks, he maintains that the history of Imperial art as a whole is that of the emergence of qualities foreign to the Hellenic world and subversive of Hellenic standards of taste. "It is a fresh artistic tradition which establishes itself, having its roots in Italian soil (as the history of Etruscan art shows) and continuing unbroken until the Renaissance."

War, religion, production and distribution, and public amusements are each treated in a separate chapter, war receiving about twice the amount of space assigned to any of the others. The proof-reading has not been as accurate as could be wished. "Sano" for *Semo* has slipped through on page 71, and on page 105 the date of the burning of the Basilica Æmilia stands as 14 A. D. instead of 14 B. C. On page 270 the reference to "Plate" 50 should be to *figure* 50, and on page 279 the ashes of "unburnt" calves stored for use as a fertility-charm should, of course, be ashes of *unborn* calves. "Phrases" stands for *phases* on page 384. Mr. Jones is sometimes censurably careless in his use of English, though perhaps he might set up the defence that we are now living under an "initiated" law of general amnesty for crimes of that sort. On the whole, the "Companion to Latin Studies," edited by Dr. J. E. Sandys for the Cambridge University Press, much better fulfils the expectations aroused by Mr. Jones's title, in spite of the fact that all the evil genii of the ancient world seem to have conspired in the concoction of Dr. Sandys's exasperating quadripartite index.

"The Grandeur that Was Rome," by Mr. Stobart, will call the mind of the classically educated reader back to Quintilian's characterization of Seneca as "worthy to be read for this if for no other reason, that he can train the judgment in both directions. For there are many things to be approved in him, many even worthy of admiration, *provided there be care in selection.*" To Mr. Stobart's mind, Rome has been too long the playground of satirists and pessimists. There never was any "decline and fall." The whole career was one of progress—progress when the republic passed into the empire, and progress again when the artificial ramparts on the Rhine and Danube broke down and let the new nations into their inheritance. He admits that it is hard to shake the popular verdict and get Roman history read in the new light. "To do so you cannot follow the authorities, for they were all on the side of deterioration. The idea of progress was unknown to the ancient world, and above all others the Romans believed their Golden Age was behind them."

After starting by discrediting *all* the authorities *en masse*, Mr. Stobart might have used the *carte blanche* thus acquired to give us out of his own cogitations a really consistent Rome, free from all exasperating problems. One finds him, however, continually admitting from those tainted sources the same old stories which have convinced people in the past that Rome really did decline. Perhaps what we need is a little sharper definition of what different people mean by the terms progress and decline. For the Roman Republic, Mr. Stobart strains a vigorous vocabulary to the limit to express his detestation. The old Roman virtue simply never existed. Admitting, though it is somewhat out of harmony with his main thesis, that evil tendencies did grow rapidly in Republican times, he does not find the cause in the softening effect of Greek influences. If these influences had come earlier, the picture might have been less dark. "It was their starved souls, empty of ideals, devoid even of reasonable occupation for their leisure or harmless use for their wealth, which rendered the aristocracy of Rome so utterly vulgar and debased." But out of the sink of picturesquely varied iniquities which constituted the republic sprang an empire for which Mr. Stobart cannot find praises too high. "The republic that sucked the blood of her provinces is detestable to all right-thinking men. The autocracy that cleared cut the canals in Egypt, planted flax and encouraged pottery in Gaul, irrigated Africa and taught agriculture to the Moorish nomads, set the wild Iberians to mining and weaving, built aqueducts and roads everywhere, established a postal system and policed land and sea so effectively that a man might fare from York to Palmyra, or from Trier to Morocco 'with his bosom full of gold,' may

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be tyranny governing in its own interests, but it is an institution for which the world has every reason to be grateful."

The author passes along the view which one meets every now and then that the younger Pliny, in his correspondence, pictures a Rome wholly inconsistent with that of the writings of Tacitus. The purpose of Pliny in his letters naturally led to a "picture of tranquil and cultivated leisure or of useful activity carried on in refined and elegant surroundings," but Mr. Stobart or any one else who has not found in those letters a full realization of the horrors of imperial rule under a Nero or a Domitian simply has not read them. The reference to Pliny is followed by a page of admissions sufficient to bolster up a Juvenal himself, "but one misconception," we are told, "must be combated. The whole imperial period of five centuries should not be regarded as one slippery Gadarene slope down which the Romans were hurrying to destruction." Yes, but Mr. Stobart has not told this either first or most effectively. For more than fifty years, scholars in various lands have been working towards a truer conception of Imperial Rome, both in its virtues and in its excesses, and the best progress has been made not by tossing aside the original authorities as worthless, but by more accurately reading and interpreting them. Mr. Stobart is too violent in his prejudices, whether for or against, and too unguarded in his language, to serve well the interests of the careful seeker after truth.

The Life of Octavia Hill. Edited by C. Edmund Maurice. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Octavia Hill was born in 1838 and died only last summer. For half a century she was one of the most benignant and beneficent figures in English society. The present volume is made up chiefly of letters to, from, and about Miss Hill. Their editor, a connection by marriage, received his commission from her, and has done his work with skill and discretion. He professes to have made but slight original contribution to the book. The explanations which link the letters he has had printed in smaller type than the letters themselves; and their substance is mainly derived from the statements of others. He was, however, associated with Miss Hill's work for some ten years, and admits that his comments covering that period may amount to something. For the rest, the selection of such a group of letters is in itself an art, especially when many of them are printed fragmentarily. With such a method, it is possible to produce a variety of effects. Mr. Maurice frankly admits that his purpose has been "to emphasize the human and family sympathy" which belonged to Miss Hill, rather than her remarkable business ability. The danger with her, he says, is the reverse of that which has threatened the memory of Florence Nightingale. The sentimental popular conception of the "lady with the lamp" has obscured Miss Nightingale's powers of organization and administration. The general sense of those powers in Miss Hill has almost hidden the fact that the basis of her work lay in feeling quite as much as in reason.

Certainly, the letters here printed give the impression of an ardent, affectionate, enthusiastic woman who, with all her interests and activities, remained always a lover of life and of living things. The joys and satisfactions of every-day experience are continually dwelt upon. She "thinks thankfully of all people's kindness"; she is "quietly, splendidly happy." "Joy" is a favorite word in the later as well as the earlier letters. "It is on loving, infinitely more than on being loved, that happiness depends," is a phrase in a letter written at eighteen, which might be taken to have been the working motto of a nature which depended greatly, after all, on being loved.

An interesting series by themselves might have been made of the letters connected with the early relation of Miss Hill and Ruskin. In the early fifties Octavia's mother had become manager of a "Ladies' Guild" in London, an early experiment in the sort of industrial philanthropy to which the daughter was to devote so much of her life. Dissensions arose, and the Guild failed, whereupon Octavia applied to Ruskin with the ingenuous object of finding out whether there was any use in her trying to paint for a living. He discovered talent in her, and she became, in a way, his pupil, as well as his disciple in the larger sense. Other great men of the day, notably Kingsley and F. D. Maurice, had made their impression upon her, but it was Ruskin who really became her inspiration. For years he was her guide also; but it was impossible that this relation should endure. Differences and even estrangement arose, the practical work to which she gave herself seemed to him misdirected and even wasted. "My question, a very vital one," he writes in 1876, "is, whether it really never enters your mind at all that all measures of amelioration in great cities . . . may be in reality only encouragements to the great Evil Doers in their daily accumulating sin?" And one of Miss Hill's latest letters speaks of Ruskin's political economy as of comparatively little moment compared with his "art work."

In the value of her own labors Miss Hill had unflagging belief. The problem of the proper housing and employment of the poor never ceased to be the important problem for her. As for methods, she recognized that they must shift with conditions, and, at the end, expressed the hope that those who carried on her work would maintain its spirit without being bound to continue its policy. As summing up her point of view, Mr. Maurice quotes with approval the judgment of a contemporary: "She brought the force of religion into the cause of wisdom, and gave emotion to justice."

Histoire des Séleucides (323—64 avant J.-C.), par A. Bouché-Leclercq. Paris: Leroux.

The Greek classics were in the main produced before the Macedonian age. Though the Macedonians always regarded themselves as Hellenes, Demosthenes, whose voice reached much farther than theirs, chose to call them barbarians. Mommsen, with authority closely approximating to tyranny, made the public institutions of the Romans the product of a purely Italian development. These circumstances, together with the fact that ancient history, until recently at least, was studied, not for itself and because of its own interest and value, but primarily because of the light it threw upon the literature of Greece and Rome, explain why a period so vibrant with human action as is that which Alexander the Great's conquest of Asia ushered in has been so long in coming into its due.

A decade or two ago things changed. Droysen's gallant and fortunate enterprise and Mahaffy's filibustering expeditions then gave way to the regular advance of the army of historians. How fiercely the attack is pushed home today may be gauged by the appearance in the early months of 1913 of two first-rate works in this field, the "Antigonus Gonatas" of Mr. W. W. Tarn and the book now under review.

The serious student of history is well aware that he has to do ordinarily with two classes of histories. The author of a work of the first class, on publishing his book, is prepared to make an affidavit that, to the best of his knowledge and ability, every sentence is the last word that can be said on the subject at the moment. He may write well or he may write badly; he may have imagination and historic sense, or he may lack them; and his work will be great or mediocre accordingly. Insignificant, however, it cannot be in any case. In the other class the author is indifferent to fine nuances of opinion and report. What does it matter whether an event happened in one year or the next? He glides smoothly over the problems that are agitating specialists. He seizes hold of the obvious materials and paraphrases his sources rapidly. He may even ignore the primary authorities al-

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together. Such a writer can achieve a notable success, but it is bound to be a transient one.

M. Bouché-Leclercq belongs to the first class of authors. His "Astrologie grecque" and his "Histoire des Lagides" have won him an honored place among ancient historians; and it is probable that had his "Histoire des Séleucides" been published when it was composed —some twenty-five years ago—it would have commanded the immediate attention of scholars. But "mon labeur n'aboutit alors," says M. Bouché-Leclercq, "qua'à esquisser un texte vague, flottant sur un amas de notes plus ou moins justificatives." It is this text, however, made over to attract "d'autres lecteurs que les érudits," that we now receive: the notes and discussions are reserved for a second volume, which is cannily held back that it may take account of slips and defects noted in the first. There is a possibility that the second volume will be a large book. M. Bouché-Leclercq is not wholly blameless if that proves to be the case. For he has left out of account so many pertinent materials—the yield of the Athenian and Delian inscriptions, for example—he has ignored completely topics of such first-rate importance—the land system of the Seleucids, for example—and he has made himself responsible for so many new or old errors, which we cannot enumerate here, that we have had some doubt whether his "Histoire des Séleucides" did not really belong to the second class of histories of which we have given the characteristics.

The fact seems to be that M. Bouché-Leclercq has not added much to the stock of primary and secondary authorities for the Hellenistic age which he used for his history of the Ptolemies. His work is, accordingly, some seven or eight years old at its birth. Its chief merit is its attractive literary form. It may do a real service to French readers, to whom no connected history of the Macedonian lords and ladies in Asia has been accessible hitherto. The English reader will find it no improvement on Bevan's "House of Seleucus." The scholar will continue to make the histories of Beloch, Niese, and Schürer his fundamental works.

To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise. By E. B. Soane. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

Of all recent accounts of travel and description, this record of a journey from Beirut to Bagdad is one not merely of the most fascinating, but also one of the most valuable. Numerous works have been written, it is true, concerning the regions here considered, but none has previously appeared—at least to the reviewer's knowledge—which can pretend to set forth Kurdish life from the native point of view. This is here done; and it has been rendered possible by the fact that Mr. Soane is so thoroughly versed in both Persian and Kurdish that he passed for a native. During a previous sojourn in Persia he had made profession of Islam and taken a course of theological study, so that he was able to defend Shia doctrines with all the energy of the Persian true believer, thus rendering his disguise doubly impenetrable.

The author's power of vivid description comes to the fore in his account of his voyage down the Tigris from Diarbekr to Mosul; but of even more real value is his picture of daily life in such Kurdish cities as Kirkuk, Halabja, and Sulaimania, in the last-named of which he engaged for a time in mercantile pursuits. While still at Stambul, moreover, he was enabled to discover the Persian opinion of the Turkish Parliament, which, though unflattering, is probably correct—the Oriental, as may be gathered from many a passage in Mr. Soane's book, is as yet scarcely ready for the Occidental forms of government.

Mr. Soane has the chief of all requisites of the traveller—love for the people among whom he sojourns, and liking for their mode of life; he has, indeed, some of the characteristics of a Borrow. The Kurdish character, as he sketches it, is highly attractive, and is comparable, as has been noted by others, to that of the Scottish Highlanders a few centuries ago. The contrast between the brave, hospitable, loyal Kurd and the Turkish official is only too marked. The bad character of the Turkish officials is equalled, in the author's opinion, only by that of the native Christians, although he excepts from this unflattering category the Chaldean Christians. The question of Asiatic Christianity unfortunately leads him to criticisms of Roman Catholic activity in Mesopotamia which seem to savor of strong personal bias against that religion, and which, together with some foolish and quite irrelevant remarks upon the Biblical account of Jonah, form almost the only unpleasant feature of the volume.

For his historical sources the author has drawn upon oral tradition, but in his choice of reference books he has not been altogether fortunate. There is, for instance, an undue reliance upon the "Assyria" of Ragozin (whom the author seems to believe to have been a man); and the total absence of all allusions to German researches upon the language and history of the Kurds is most regrettable—scholars like Justi, Socin, Lerch, and Mann, to mention only a few names, are far too important to be ignored. In his account of the Yezidis, or "Devil-Worshippers," he might well have profited by the researches of investigators like J. Ménant; and his historical sketches of Urfa (the ancient Edessa) and Erbil (the ancient Arbela) are rather meagre. He also exaggerates the friendship of Sasanian Persia for Christianity—relatively slight acquaintance with the Pahlavi, and especially with the Syriac sources of the period, would show him that such friendship was manifested by only a few monarchs, and that the general attitude of Sasanian kings was one of bitter hostility to all Christians. It is, therefore, a pity that he did not consult some such treatise as Labourt's "Le Christianisme dans l'empire perse sous la dynastie sassanide."

Real value attaches to the account, which is all too brief, of the doctrines of the Ali Illahi sect found among the Guran Kurds. The interesting hypothesis is advanced by Mr. Soane that the Mukri dialect of Kurdish is the closest modern representative of the ancient Avesta, though the view more commonly accepted assigns this place to Afghan. He regards the Kurds as the descendants of the Medes, and traces their lineage to the Carduchi of Xenophon's "Anabasis," the Nairi of the Assyrian inscriptions, and the inhabitants of the land which the classics call Gordyene. The accuracy of a number of these hypotheses is not beyond question. Yet this detracts little from the value of his book, which is authoritative on its main subject. For a man of his exceptional qualifications there are many tasks still to be done. May we hope for some formal grammar of the Kurdish dialects of which he is master, and which are still so imperfectly known? Could he not became an Ali Illahi and study the syncretism of this curious sect? Might he not turn Sunni and visit Afghanistan and Baluchistan, to do for us—and for them—the service that he has just performed for Kurdistan?

Notes

"The Seven Seas Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling" is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co., as the most important literary plan ever undertaken by them. The edition will be limited to 1,050 sets of twenty-three volumes, each set signed by the author. The cost per set will be $138.

The Century Company announces an elaborate, illustrated edition of Kipling's "Jungle Book," to contain sixteen full-page illustrations, in full color, by Maurice and Edward Detmold. The same house has in press a new book, "The Brownies Many More Nights," this being the twenty-sixth printing of the original Brownies.

"The Monroe Doctrine: An Obsolete Shibboleth," by Hiram Bingham, is published by the Yale University Press. Other noteworthy books by the same publishers are "Some Problems of Modern Government," by William H. Taft; "Politician, Party, and People," by Henry C. Emery; "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by William Osler.

John Stuart Thomson, in "China Revo-

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lutionized," looks for a vast trade under the new régime in that country, and offers information concerning the opportunities afforded men and women who seek a wide field of endeavor. The Bobbs-Merrill Company issue the book.

The new volumes of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) promised for this year include Appian's "Roman History," Vol. IV.; "Daphnis and Chloe"; Julian, Vol. II; Lucian, Vol. II; Menander; Plutarch, Twelve Lives, Vol. I; Apuleius, "Golden Ass," 2 vols.; Cicero, "De Finibus," "Letters to Atticus," Vol. II, and "De Officiis"; Horace, "Odes"; Ovid, "Metamorphoses," 2 vols.; Petronius; Seneca, "Tragedies," 2 vols.; Tacitus, "Dialogues," "Germania," and "Agricola."

Probably no news will give pleasure to more readers than the announcement that Macmillan is to bring out an edition of Macaulay's "History of England," edited by Prof. Charles H. Firth, and profusely illustrated. The first volume of this work, to be complete in five, will appear this autumn.

The autumn list of Little, Brown & Company includes under fiction: "The Eye of Dread," by Payne Erskine; "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Farnol; "The Joy of Youth," by Eden Phillpotts; "The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; "Marama," by Ralph Stock; "Joan Thursday," by Louis J. Vance; "The Gringos," by B. M. Bower.—Travel and description: "Across Unknown South America," by A. Henry Savage-Landor; "Athens, the Violet-Crowned," by Lilian Whiting; "Wanderings on the Italian Riviera," by Frederic Lees; "Old Franciscan Missions of California," by George W. James; "Shakespeare and Stratford," by Henry C. Shelley.—History and biography: "The Romance of the American Theatre," by Mary C. Crawford; "The Story of Harvard," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "The Major Operations of the Navies in the War of American Independence," by A. T. Mahan; "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart," by Henry C. Shelley.—Miscellaneous: "Criminology," by Raffaelle Garofalo; "Federal Systems of the United States and the British Empire," by Arthur P. Poley; "Wards of the State," by Tighe Hopkins. A varied list of books for young people is offered.

The most elaborate book on the autumn list of Paul Elder & Co. will be an historical and descriptive sketch of "The Old Spanish Missions of California," by Paul Elder.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company for October issues "Susette," by Dion C. Calthrop; "The White Thread," by Robert Halifax; "Irishmen All," by George A. Birmingham; "Fletcherism," by Horace Fletcher, and three juvenile books—"Blossoms from a Japanese Garden," by Mary Fenollosa; "The Adventures of Akbar," by Flora A. Steel; "The Hungarian Fairy Book," by Nander Pogany, illustrated in color by Willy Pogany.

T. Fisher Unwin announces a new novel by Irene Burn, with the title "The Unforgiving Minute," depicting the everyday life of the Englishman in India, and also the "Further Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer," by W. C. Scully, a continuation, from 1876, of the work published last spring.

The 109th annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society is an unprecedented record of both income and circulation. Bibles to the number of 7,899,562 in 450 languages and dialects, ten new versions having been added during the year, were distributed. The accounts of the many and varied adventures of the colporteurs make interesting reading.

The whole of the *National Geographic Magazine* for September is devoted to Ancient Egypt. The principal facts, historical and biographical, brought to light by recent investigations are given by the Rev. James Baikie, and these enable one, with the aid of seventy-four illustrations, to get many vivid impressions of the life of those times. A new chapter in the history of bird worship and protection is opened by the discovery a few months ago by one of the excavators of the Egyptian Exploration Fund of a sacred ibis cemetery, 2,700 square feet in extent, at Abydos. The birds were as carefully mummified as the royal personages. Their beneficence in destroying the enemies of the growing crops led to their being worshipped as divine.

The *Geographical Journal* for September contains the conclusion of Dr. J. F. Unstead's statistical study of wheat cultivation and trade, 1881-1910, of which the last table is a summary of the world production. The increase in thirty years was a billion bushels, due mainly to an increased acreage, but to some extent to an increased average yield per acre. Europe still produces more than half the crop, European Russia showing the greatest increase, from 244 million bushels to 461 million bushels. There was considerable difficulty in procuring trustworthy statistics of the United States on account of the different returns of the Department of Agriculture and the Census Bureau. For the year 1909, for instance, the Department reported 737 million bushels, but the Bureau only 683 million. Among the other contents are a physiographical description of the Middle Clarence valley of New Zealand and an account of a remarkable Japanese who made the first survey of his country. A brewer of saké, he was so enamoured of the art of surveying that between the years 1800 and 1818, with instruments of his own construction, a quadrant, an azimuth instrument, and a compass, he made maps so good that they were adopted as the basis of the more recent trigonometrical survey of Japan.

Prof. George Saintsbury is always a charming friend and sure guide in his introductions to various editions of Thackeray and Jane Austen and other writers of fiction, and one turns with high expectations of pleasure to his new volume on "The English Novel" in the Channels of English Literature series (Dutton). But the expectations are barely fulfilled. Of reading for the task undertaken Professor Saintsbury, as he himself would tell us if it were not otherwise abundantly evident, has a mighty sufficiency. One is sure that no obscure novel of the eighteenth century is named which the critic has not read and noted. Furthermore, as the criticism of fiction is chiefly a matter of immediate gusto and not of philosophic reflection, the judgments of Professor Saintsbury in this field are almost invariably sound. "The proof of the art of the novelist," he contends, "is that—at first hand or very shortly—he 'enfists,' absorbs, delights you"; and no one is more immediately enfisted, absorbed, and delighted by a good story or a good style than the writer of this book. Professor Saintsbury makes strong reservations in praising Meredith—and he is demonstrably right. Some will object to the emphasis laid by him on Dickens's "little literature" and inability to enter into "communion with certain orders of society and classes of human creatures"—but again he is right. Of Thackeray we already know Professor Saintsbury's opinion; no one, not even Mr. Brownell, has praised the great Victorian with more knowledge and more seductive *entrain*. He is a doughty champion for Thackeray and the English school against Balzac and the Russian novelists, and his animadversions on this topic are worthy of reading and digesting.

We are most in doubt of Professor Saintsbury's sanity of judgment when he deals with the great protagonists, Richardson and Fielding. In exalting the latter at the expense of the former he seems never to have felt the tremendously tragic effects of the last quarter of "Clarissa," and seems, by a sort of wilful perversion, to exaggerate the merits of "Pamela," as this offers so ready a means of glorifying Fielding through "Joseph Andrews." On the other hand, he says not a word to indicate the wordiness and flatness of a good deal of Fielding's superfluous moralizing. However, though Dr. Johnson would be on our side, there are some who will stand with the professor of Edinburgh. There are very few, we think, who will not be revolted by the loose and ungainly ease of Professor Saintsbury's style. And on the whole, though his attitude is generally right towards the novelists passed in review, the book contains little that is memorable and quite misses the deeper currents of life and thought of which fiction is, so to speak, the surface indication.

Mr. James Huneker has put forth a fresh volume of essays, sketches, and jottings called "The Pathos of Distance, a Book of a Thousand and One Moments" (Scribner). The sub-title honestly disclaims any attempt at unity of matter or point of view, and one may as honestly acknowledge the impossibility of reporting any definite impression of the book. Here is an original portrait of Villiers de l'Isle Adam somewhat in the manner of George Moore, a considerable amount of lively chat about George Moore himself and his recent books, much gossip of Wagner and Nietzsche based on the autobiography, tolerably circumspect consideration of "Matisse, Picasso, and Others," flittings among art galleries, more "browsings" among books, respects to the Neo-Celts, and a rather extended sally among the pragmatic philosophers. To the charge that he offers no "general ideas," Mr. Huneker blandly replies that he does not believe in them; which in turn will recall to some readers a famous pronouncement on Goldsmith: "Sir, he knows nothing; he has made up his mind about nothing." The application is perhaps unjust. Mr. Huneker knows how to talk lightly, tartly, cleverly, and with an air of ancient familiarity on an abundance of topics. But he is a professional skeptic, seeking disdainfully, "in a world full of futile sounds and gestures," a new taste with a temporary relish for the slightly

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cloyed palate of the order Lepidoptera. We would only say, therefore, that the impressionist who desires to produce a permanent impression should somehow contrive to throw into his work just a "shade more soul."

Among the many books dealing with the construction of the new canal, Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop's "Panama Gateway" (Scribner) should stand out as an authoritative account of the great enterprise. He has been associated with the work since it began, and as secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission has undoubtedly enjoyed sources of information available to no other writer. Few, if any, details, not to speak of figures, have escaped him, and the result is a complete survey of the project. Beginning with the history of Panama and the futile search of ancient explorers for a passage through the continent, Mr. Bishop recounts the early steps taken by individuals and the United States Government with the view of providing an interoceanic canal to be controlled by this country. Then came the building of the Panama Railroad by American capitalists, and after that the effort and failure of Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, to dig a waterway through pestilential jungle and morass. Mr. Bishop speaks highly of the courage and intelligence of the Frenchmen, who were "led to pitiful disaster by incompetent and unworthy commanders." Lesseps he regards as a man whose head was so completely turned by his success at Suez that he brushed aside the advice of trained engineers and failed to consider the obstacles that presented themselves. There is a vivid picture of the corruption and extravagance that brought financial disaster, while the shadow of death by yellow fever lurked everywhere. Incidentally, Mr. Bishop holds that public sentiment in the United States would not have permitted the building of the canal at the cost of great loss of life, and he says that the work was made possible by the devotion of Reed, Carroll, and Lazear, the three physicians who in Cuba proved that the stegomyia mosquito was the transmitter of yellow fever. Passing to the negotiations with Colombia for a treaty enabling the United States to build and control the waterway, the author describes the overnight Panama revolution and absolves the Washington Government of complicity in the plans of the revolutionists, while admitting that Washington was well aware of what was going on. To President Roosevelt much credit is given for his energy in connection with the determination of the type of canal, and for turning aside the flood of hostile criticism with which the work was assailed in the beginning. A large part of the book is devoted to the period of construction, and the methods of sanitation and administration. "Not a shadow of scandal hovers over the task as the end approaches," writes Mr. Bishop, "nor is there audible the faintest whisper of 'graft' in connection with it." One valuable chapter describes the completed canal, and the measures which will be taken to safeguard the locks while ships are passed through. There are numerous illustrations and a map.

The people whom Mr. Robert H. Milligan describes in his "Fetish Folk of West Africa" (Revell) live in the Gabun Colony of what was formerly called the French Congo, but is now officially known as French Equatorial Africa. They are divided into two Bantu tribes, the Mpongwe living in the coastland, and the "cannibal" Fang, who have for many years been coming from the far interior, "burning, killing, and even eating their way through the older coast tribes." The greater part of the book is devoted to an account of the latter, as most of the author's work was done among them. The main object is to give an impression of the "humanity" of the African, his mental habits, and beliefs. So, while the purely savage side of his life is vividly described, stress is laid upon his many good qualities. The love of his mother, for instance, is the deepest emotion of his heart and his best moral quality, and his most poignant grief is the loss of his children. Boys were the most trustworthy and affectionate of companions, and they were neither dull nor lacking in humor. "I have never known an American school in which there was better order and so little exercise of discipline as in my African school." Noticeable is the African's devotion to music. Singing not only his joy, but his grief; not only his love, but his anger, revenge, and despair, he may be rightfully regarded as the most musical person living.

The chief obstacle to the African's rising above his savage condition is his bondage to fetishism or charms and witchcraft. This causes mutual distrust, for he does not believe there is any such thing as a natural death. When any one dies the witch-doctor is immediately called on to name the guilty person, who is killed. Cannibalism is the last desperate resort of fear. To eat one of his enemies in war is the strongest possible protection against them. His most powerful and sacred fetish is the skull of his father, so that "here fetishism becomes ancestor-worship." Most of the illustrations of this bondage are drawn from the author's own experiences while doing missionary work among them. He concludes a valuable account of the natives in their primitive condition with showing what Christian teaching has done for them and answering the objections of travellers, and especially Miss Mary Kingsley, to mission work. The eighteen illustrations are reproductions of photographs, but we regret that in a work containing so much valuable information there is no index.

It scarcely needs a long and formal introduction to give Lord Milner's addresses, collected in "The Nation and the Empire" (Houghton Mifflin), an outward unity, so clearly are all concerned with British imperialism, its problems, and its opportunities. At the same time, the inclusion of Lord Milner's speeches during his tenure of office as High Commissioner of South Africa, at the time of the Boer War, with later addresses in the British Isles and Canada, down to the present year, bespeaks a certain historical variety. The chief interest of the book is likely to be in its unconscious tracing of the gradual growth of a serviceable conception of an Imperial union. It is Lord Milner's oft-repeated hope that some day there may exist an imperial Constitution, as a formal instrument, "providing for the separation of those branches of public business which, like Foreign Affairs, Defence, and Ocean Communications, are essentially Imperial." In this Imperialism he sees something wider than Anglo-Saxondom—the power of incorporating alien races, without trying to disintegrate them, or rob them of their individuality, into an organized *Pax Britannica* that would join together Dutch of South Africa, French of Canada, and Hindus of East India.

The appearance of the first volume of a critical history of Roman comedy by a distinguished French scholar ("Histoire de la Comédie romaine," par G. Michaut, Vol. I, Sur les Tréteaux latins; Paris: Fontemoing et Cie.) is a literary event of more than usual importance. The beginnings of this department of Latin literature are more obscure and uncertain than those of any other department, and during the last twenty years have occupied the greater part of the attention of Latin students. Hence a critical résumé of the various theories and counter-theories which have been put forth in such numbers during this period has come to be a necessity. The author is favorably known by his careful study of Roman character ("Le Génie latin"; Paris, 1900), and he shows himself a most exact and lucid student of his subject in the present book. His method is to study the evidence of the ancients themselves, both independently and in the light of the interpretations set forth by other scholars. To do this he has made himself familiar with almost everything that has appeared in France and Germany, and his summaries and discussions of these various views are of great value. But he is not so much at home in English and American work. Of the former there has been very little, but especially in the last five years American scholars have been very busy. Strangely enough, although this volume was issued in 1912, the work itself seems to have been completed much earlier, for there is no reference to anything later than 1907, and but little later than 1904.

M. Michaut writes a vigorous and vivacious style, which renders him interesting even in his most minute criticisms. In temperament he is on the one hand a skeptic of almost every conclusion thus far reached by classical scholars, as on the other he is inclined to regard the Greek influence on Latin literature and criticism as rather more important than many recent critics have held. In his introductory chapter on Les Romains et la Comédie M. Michaut maintains that the characteristics traditionally ascribed to the Romans of severity, sternness, and dignity, were in reality only assumed for public occasions, while the genuine Roman, like the Italian, was a frolicsome creature given to games, dances, and rough plays of a dramatic type, as is shown by such ancient rituals as those of the Arval brothers, and those concerned with the harvest and the vintage. Hence comedy instead of being a foreign innovation was innate in the Roman character and life, and would have developed naturally but for the Greek invasion. In all this he is unquestionably right.

Then follow various chapters on the Satura, the Atellana, the Palliata, the Mimè, with a final chapter on the Roman Theatre. In regard to the theatre, we have more ancient material, but the interpretation of much of it is by no means assured. In the earlier chapters the greater part of the

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discussion goes back to Livy's famous account of the introduction of actors into Rome. All show acute criticism and suggestion, where imagination is held strictly within the bounds of common sense, a practice which many Germans would do well to imitate. The chapters open to most criticism are those on the Satura. M. Michaut believes that the so-called Dramatic-Satura inferred from Livy's sketch never existed, but that Livy's account was a fantastic attempt to parallel the Greek development. He is, however, inclined to think that there was an underlying basis of fact in that the rustic improvisations of youthful free Romans must have ultimately received a more regular treatment, and thus constituted the Satura referred to. In this chapter he discusses sympathetically Professor Hendrickson's two papers in the *American Journal of Philology* in 1894 and 1898, but seems to be ignorant of the fact that in the last few years there have been articles on the same subject by at least five American scholars, including another by Professor Hendrickson himself. Recent literature up to 1912 is given in an article in the *American Journal of Philology* for April, 1912.

Prof. Lane Cooper has done a useful piece of work in his "amplified version" of Aristotle's "Poetics" (Ginn). The book is intended primarily for students of English, but the many illustrations taken from English authors are likely to be valuable to students of the classics as well, for they direct attention in an interesting way to the fundamental and universal character of the Greek treatise. Thorough students of English ought to know the "Poetics" at first hand, but if our present tendencies to work along lines of least resistance preclude this, they will hardly find a better guide than Professor Cooper has furnished them. His method is to give a free translation, and then to add, unseparated from the general text, but in brackets, a miscellaneous commentary. Occasionally a little of what might well be commentary gets into the text, as when in the first chapter the essential quality or function of each species of poetic art is said to be "equivalent to the proper and characteristic effect of each on the trained sensibilities of the judicious"—good Aristotelian doctrine, no doubt, but foreign to the Greek of this passage. In the main, however, the author has made his translation follow the original without undue explanatory interpolation, and has constructed his commentary with good sense and tact. He has made careful use of Bywater's almost final edition of the "Poetics," and of the work of other scholars, not forgetting the old, but still valuable, commentary of Tyrwhitt. He has been careful, too, in the matter of cross-references—a very important thing for the student of this treatise. The comment on the puzzling contradiction in chapters xiii and xiv (very likely ultimately a textual difficulty) between the two views, that the best tragedies end unhappily, and that the horror of the tragic act is most effective when the act becomes imminent, but is not carried out, is fully recognized by Professor Cooper, and judiciously treated. Less judicious is his statement (p. 35) that the peripety, or reversal, in the "Œdipus Rex," "as we know the play," is not brought about by the messenger, as Aristotle says it is. Bywater's words are more to the point: "It is, as Aristotle says, the natural result of the arrival of the Messenger and his disclosure in the preceding scene." The implication that Aristotle may have known a somewhat differently constructed play is surely unnecessary. In the matter of typography, what advantage is there in printing Greek words and phrases in English italics? To one who knows Greek letters the practice seems a barbarism; and what profit is it to the student of English, when he does not know them, if he is simply enabled to mispronounce a lot of syllables he does not understand? If, however, one does print in this way, the inconsistent use of initial "K" and "C" (pages 9 and 72) needs revision. But these are small matters. The book is excellent and to be cordially recommended.

In our obituary notice of John Swett (*Nation*, August 28) we stated that he was a graduate of the Merrimack Normal Institute, Reed's Ferry, N. Y. The school, now known as the McGaw Normal Institute, is in Reed's Ferry, N. H.

Wayland Everett Benjamin, attorney and editor of law books, died last week at the age of fifty-four years. He was born in Boston and was graduated from Peddie Institute and in 1877 from Brown University. He obtained his lawyer's degree from the Boston University Law School two years later, and in 1882 was admitted to the bar. He collaborated with the late Austin Abbott in the preparation of "Abbott's Digest" and other works. He edited the *Railway and Corporation Law Journal*, "New York Annotated Cases," and "Benjamin's Table of Chalmers's Digest of Bills and Notes," and, with the late Justice David McAdam, prepared one of the editions of "McAdam on Landlord and Tenant."

Prof. Arminius Vambéry, one of the best known travellers and Orientalists of the nineteenth century, died in Budapest on Monday in what was said to be his eighty-second year. He was uncertain as to the date of his birth. When asked to sign Queen Victoria's Birthday Book at Windsor in 1889, he confessed his ignorance and, with the royal permission, entered the date of March 19, 1832. "I am quite sure," he wrote in his Memoirs, "that among the many guests at Windsor there was never another to whom the day and year of his entry into this world were unknown." Whenever born, Vambéry was the son of a devout Jew and distinguished Talmudist named Bamberger, whose patronymic suffered in course of time a Magyar change into "Vambéry." The son was by turns a tailor's apprentice, a pupil of Piarist Friars and of Lutheran pastors, and a private tutor of languages. A taste for Oriental literature, acquired during his linguistic studies, and popular legends of the Asiatic origin of the Magyars so drew him towards the East that, in the later fifties, he made his way to Constantinople, where, for a while, he eked out his penury by reciting Turkish and Persian poems in the coffee-houses of Stambul. Having obtained from the Hungarian Academy of Sciences a subsidy of some £80 on condition that he should visit Central Asia to investigate the affinities of the Magyar tongue, he joined a caravan of mendicant pilgrims on its way back from Mecca to Persia. Afterwards he settled as University Professor of Oriental languages at Budapest in what he called "the medium state of culture of my native land." There he made of his home the centre of a campaign against Russian expansion in Central Asia and in favor of an active British policy of resistance. Corresponding in their own languages with Tartars and Turcomans, Osmanlis, Persians, Hindus, and Parsees, he kept himself in constant touch with the East, and supplemented his knowledge by periodical visits to Constantinople, where in later years he became an adviser of Sultan Abdul Hamid. Among Professor Vambéry's published works are: "Wanderings and Adventures in Persia," "Sketches of Central Asia," "History of Bokhara," "Manners in Oriental Countries," "The Turkish People," and "Western Culture in Eastern Lands."

Science

The "Life of Dr. Nathan Smith," one of the founders of the Yale Medical School, will shortly be issued by the Yale University Press.

Welcome geographical information about Spain and Portugal is to be found in a serviceable "Resumen fisiográfico de la Peninsula ibérica," by Juan Dantin Cereceda, professor in the Institute of Guadalajara, published by the "Instituto nacional de ciencias fisico-naturales" as the ninth number of the "Trabajos del Museo de ciencias naturales" (Madrid: Fortanet). It opens with a nine-page bibliography, and then discusses relief, coasts, hydrography, climate, and biogeography. The method of treatment is much more explanatory than that usually found in Spanish geographical essays; yet, in connection with the relief of the peninsula, the description is still largely empirical, and the explanations given are too often geological rather than physiographical, the rock-formations which make up the different districts being more definitely described than the present aspect of their surface. Nevertheless, the text and the numerous diagrams and outline maps present a large amount of pertinent information. If later "Trabajos" take up the districts here described in general terms and present them in greater detail, the geography of the Peninsula will be much advanced.

Since 1907 Sir Ray Lankester has made weekly contributions to the *Daily Telegraph*, of London. These have been short papers on a great variety of subjects, largely, but by no means exclusively, topics of biology. Sir Ray's purpose has been to inform the reader and to awaken a desire to seek more detailed knowledge elsewhere. The execution of this purpose is most admirable in form. A couple of years ago a selection of these papers was published as a book, and now a second series of thirty-one of them, with some revision and expansion, as "Science from an Easy Chair" (Holt), is at hand. Here the interest is often biological, ranging from kisses and laughter to cookery, the problems of immunity, and the teeth of mammals. There are also entertaining chapters on Switzerland and glaciers, the pygmy races of man, prehistoric petticoats, the gallop of the horse and its relation to the apparent size of the moon, and many other matters. Nu-

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merous plates and pictures are added to make an attractive book well suited not only to easy chairs, but even to hammocks not totally abandoned to frivolity.

"Malaria, Cause and Control" (Macmillan), by William B. Herms, of the University of California, is chiefly interesting in the account of the prevalence of the disease in that State and of the methods thus far employed to remove the cause, more particularly in what are called the Penryn crusade and the Oroville campaign. Incidentally much information is given about mosquitoes in general and the means available for their destruction. This is done in simple language, so that the book ought to be useful in many communities where mosquitoes are more or less of a menace. As to the history of the disease and the classification of the insects, Herms leaves much to be desired. There is a very limited bibliography.

"When to Send for the Doctor" (Lippincott), by Frieda E. Lippert and Arthur Holmes, contains most of the conventional information concerning emergencies and the way of meeting them before the doctor comes. It deals more particularly with the care of children and, as the questions are approached from the psychological point of view, it differs from other books of its class in seeking to aid in the recognition of defects and conditions not commonly reckoned as emergencies. Here much more is done than the full title indicates, and the book ought to help many parents to seek good advice early. The language is often rather too feminine in character, as in the frequent use of "tiny," a "tiny vacation" being perhaps the worst instance.

It is a great satisfaction to have so excellent a treatise as "The Principles and Methods of Geometrical Optics" (Macmillan), by Prof. James P. C. Southall, of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, reach a second edition. This book has already attained the place of being the standard text in English on this subject. While it is true that a large portion of the new work in geometrical optics is done by the Germans, yet Professor Southall has produced a text which in many respects is the most comprehensive and lucid in existence. Besides giving us an accurate text, he has accomplished much in the way of establishing a uniform notation for optics by adding a classified catalogue of symbols as an appendix.

The trustees of the American Medicine Gold Medal Award have bestowed on Milton J. Rosenau, of the Harvard Medical School, the gold medal for 1913. Dr. Rosenau was one of the founders of the Milk and Baby Hygiene Association.

Edward Lyman Morris, biologist and curator of Natural Science in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences since 1907, died last week at the age of forty-two. He was born at Monson, Mass., October 23, 1870, and was educated at Monson Academy, at Amherst College, and at the Harvard Graduate School. He was laboratory assistant and instructor in botany at Amherst, 1893-95; instructor in botany at Western High School, Washington, 1895-96, and later became head of the department of biology in the Washington High Schools. He was also special plant expert of the United States Herbarium and the United States Department of Agriculture, and field assistant of the United States Fish Commission.

Music and Drama

EXPERIMENT IN POPULAR OPERA.

Grand opera at popular prices is not a new thing in New York, but there is much that is new and interesting about the experiment which began at the Century Opera House on Monday. In the first place, it is not a mere money-making scheme, but due to a desire to furnish good, if not the best, opera at reasonable prices to those whose purses do not permit attendance at the Metropolitan performances. The absence of any effort to compete with these has led almost to coöperation between the two undertakings; at any rate, there is the friendliest feeling between them, and Mr. Otto H. Kahn, the leading spirit in the Metropolitan board of directors, is also a director of the Century Company. So far, the public has shown great interest in the venture, and if one may judge by the impressive subscription list, it starts with substantial promise of popular support. Whether it can succeed in the long run is a question that requires the test not only of this winter, but of the next as well.

But this is not the only important question to be answered by the new enterprise. For several years the directors of the Metropolitan have been bombarded with requests for opera in English, a special society having, indeed, been organized to urge that "reform," its main argument being that, just as all operas in Paris are sung in French, in Berlin in German, in Milan in Italian, so should operas in New York be sung in the language of this country. The reply to this argument has been that more is lost than is gained by using translated librettos, and that the operatic managers in Paris, Berlin, and Milan would be only too glad to give each opera in its original language if they could afford to engage so large a galaxy of stars as we have in New York. By this consideration the rulers of the Metropolitan have been guided. In the Century House each opera is first to be given in English, and afterwards in the original, so that the question of language will be fairly tested by comparison.

In selecting for the opening night Verdi's "Aïda," the management showed much wisdom. It is the best and most popular opera of a composer the centenary of whose birth is just now celebrated the world over. It is, moreover, an extremely effective opera. The performance, as a whole, was surprisingly good, and happily disappointed those who came prepared to see a merely amateurish exhibition. It would naturally be unfair to give a definitive opinion either of the prospects for the whole season or of the capabilities of the individual artists, some of whom showed distinct signs of nervousness. But the sum total compelled immediate respect and admiration for the way the great task before the new company had been grappled with. The chorus is full of promise, its costuming was brilliant, the pageantry quite impressive, and the stage-setting all that could be asked. "Aïda" is given less well to-day in many cities abroad which pride themselves upon their opera.

On the whole, the standard of enunciation was high. About three-quarters of the singers engaged for the Century Company are natives of this country, while some of the others are English. Many of the American-born members of the Metropolitan have, on various past occasions, made a sorry showing in using their own language for operatic purposes, but the outcome of the present test of English as a singing language was distinctly encouraging, though it is, no doubt, easier to project words comprehensibly into the auditorium of the Century Theatre than across the gigantic spaces of the Metropolitan. It is regrettable, however, that a better translation of the text than the clumsy version used on this occasion could not have been obtained.

As for the orchestra, it was there one noticed the greatest contrast with the standards of the Metropolitan. It is lacking both in quality and in ensemble, its basses being particularly in need of the attention of the conductor, Mr. Alfred Szendrei, a Hungarian, whose conducting of several Wagnerian operas in Chicago was highly praised. He has undoubted ability and great spirit, and is to be credited with much of the vigor of the performance, and can probably be relied upon to put on the necessary finish and bring about the proper balance among his instrumentalists.

One of the most interesting exhibits in Parma in connection with the Verdi centenary celebration is an operatic orchestra of the time of Monteverdi, all the players (reproduced in wax) being attired in the costumes of their time, holding the peculiar instruments of the seventeenth century.

In Verona the Verdi centenary will be celebrated next month by an open-air performance of "Aïda" in the old Roman Amphitheatre. The utmost possible realism is aimed at; palms and flowers and live animals peculiar to Egypt will be imported. About one thousand persons will take part in the performance, which will be conducted by the famous Milanese leader, Serafin. He intended at first to use the recently discovered overture to "Aïda" (suppressed by Verdi), but seems to have changed his mind.

Having composed for his last opera some

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waltzes quite in the manner of Johann Strauss, Richard Strauss has now undertaken to write the music for a pantomimic dance arranged by Nijinsky for the Russian dancers who have become so popular in London. "Potiphar's Wife" is the name of the ballet. Strauss, who is a great admirer of these Russians, has already written half of the music; his mind is said to be "overflowing with ideas"—which, if true, is new.

Février's opera, "Monna Vanna," was favorably received at its first performance in Berlin by the audience; the critics, however, interlarded their praise with a number of "ifs" and "buts." That Maeterlinck's play is well adapted to an operatic setting was admitted, but Février's music seemed to lack the note of individuality. The greater part of the score, says the *Boersen-Courier*, is made up of the familiar "operatic jargon" now generally spoken in Debussyan Paris. There are some effective dramatic moments, but in the lyric portions the opera is disappointing. It is, of course, possible that if the opera had been sung by French artists, it would have made a better impression on the censors. It was not performed at the Royal Opera, but by the Sachse Opera Company.

The most noticeable trait of contemporary English composers is, according to a German critic, their eagerness to imitate every Continental new departure, every change in the fashion of harmonizing or orchestrating.

Mahler's eighth symphony, which requires for its performance a thousand players and singers, is to be heard this season in London as well as in Paris.

The latest Don Juan opera is by the Italian composer Franco Alfani. It has nothing in common with Mozart's masterwork except the hero himself. Tired of the life he has been leading, he seeks refuge in a ruined castle in Corsica. A young woman, suspecting him of being the assassin of one of her relatives, gathers a mob of peasants and enters the castle. She discovers her mistake, promptly falls in love with the professional lady-killer, and the two escape while the peasants are burning what remains of the castle.

Granados, the "Spanish Chopin," some of whose fascinating piano pieces were played in New York last season by Ernst Schelling, is becoming known in Germany, too. Among others, the pianist Risler has put his name on his programmes.

Sergius Kussewitzky, the noted double-bass player, has given up touring as a virtuoso. His present ambition is to make his fame as a conductor, and the inheritance of a fortune has enabled him to gratify his wishes. His concerts in Moscow are now the most important musical events in that city. A Tchaikovsky cycle was one of the features of his last season. He gives young Russian composers opportunities to conduct their own works, and also engages eminent foreigners, including Nikisch.

At the present rate of progress—if it is progress—mere men will soon be crowded out of the musical profession. In Berlin, for instance, during the past season, of the 328 vocal recitals given, women contributed 232 and men only 96. In the departments of the piano and the violin, however, men still hold their own. The total number of concerts given in Berlin during the winter season 1912-1913 was 1,210. In all German cities vocal recitals predominate over instrumental, and everywhere more of the vocal recitals are given by women than by men.

Robert Alfred Gaul, author of the oratorio "Hezekiah," the cantatas "Ruth" and "The Holy City," is dead in London. He was born in Norwich, England, in 1837, and was graduated from Cambridge University in 1863 as Mus. Bach. He was, up to a short time before his death, a teacher and orchestra conductor.

One of the new plays of the London season is an adaptation by G. Constant Lounsbery of the "Dorian Gray" of Oscar Wilde. The London *Times* says of it:

Whatever else may be said about the literary character of Oscar Wilde, it cannot truthfully be said that he was dull. Yet he was turned last night on the stage of the Vaudeville Theatre into a bore, and an exasperating bore. The explanation is very simple. All the features of Wilde's story, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," for which *it is worth reading—his characteristic wit*, his intellectual curiosity, his brilliant coruscations of paradox, and a quite valuable little set of sound aphorisms on æsthetic criticism—are features which cannot be transferred to the stage. The features which can be so transferred—the features of violent, melodramatic action—are the worthless part of the book.

The death—at his home near London—is announced of John J. Wood, who, under the pen name of Hickory Wood, wrote the Drury Lane pantomime each year from 1900 to 1910. Mr. Wood, who was fifty-five years old, was the son of Scottish parents, and was born in Manchester. His output as a writer of pantomimes was very large for a number of years. He supplied many of the leading provincial theatres with librettos for their Boxing-night entertainments; he had also written for Australian theatres, and five of his Drury Lane pantomimes were produced in America. In the majority of cases his work for Drury Lane was done in collaboration with Arthur Collins, but twice he was joined by Sir F. C. Burnand. "Mother Goose" was regarded as perhaps the most successful of a Drury Lane series which in point of numbers is thought to have ranked second only to that associated with the name of E. L. Blanchard.

Art

Japan and Its Art. By Marcus B. Huish. Third edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5 net.

Mr. Huish's experience with Japanese art is measured by decades, and has been of the most intimate character. As early as 1889, when he first published this work, his position as connoisseur and as editor of the *Art Journal* had been well established; he has now revised and enlarged his volume for its third edition in the light of his still riper knowledge. The main object of the work was, as it still is, twofold: namely, to recommend the merit of Japanese art to the still largely indifferent Occidental public, and to offer to the collector and the museum such practical hints gathered from the author's own experience as shall enable them to make an intelligent selection from among Japanese works of art which are to be found in the markets of London and New York. Mr. Huish has never for a moment forgotten this double purpose in writing and revising these chapters; and the result is that, among the many volumes on the general art of Japan that have been printed since the opening of the country, his work has maintained a unique place.

The only other work comparable with the present volume for its happy combination of comprehensiveness and brevity is Otto Kümmel's "Das Kunstgewerbe in Japan" (Berlin, 1911). Though both are concerned with what may properly be termed minor forms of Japanese art, the contrast of their points of view is noteworthy, and is indicative of certain limits within which the English work would seem to excel the German, but beyond which Huish's interest falls short of Kümmel's. Mr. Huish is hardly as strong on the more classic forms of the arts of Japan and on the influences that made for their evolution, as on her recent artistic activity, say, after 1600; Herr Kümmel's treatment, on the other hand, is largely historical. A plea that Huish had too practical a purpose in writing his book to delve into the evolution of art would scarcely be tenable, for the volume betrays not a few proofs that his own personal interest has not been deeply cultivated along historical lines.

This work has, therefore, to do almost exclusively with the *ukiyo* painting and color-prints, and such secondary arts as lacquer, metal-work, enamels, and textiles and embroidery, and includes an excellent chapter on pottery and porcelain from the pen of Mr. Charles Holme. The student of Japan's art history is aware that there are certain well-marked characteristics of these arts in the peaceful Edo period—the diminutive proportions of most of the products; their general spirit of cleverness and cheerfulness, the former sometimes verging on weakness and the latter on the ludicrous; their remarkable variety in design and form; the painstaking care of their authors for detail, ever with an eye for the decorative effect of the whole; and, more important than all else, their constant effort, in painting, in design, and in the use of wood, metal, or earth, to draw fresh art-motives from Nature, and, if possible, to improve on her work, not by supplanting it with human devices, but by assisting it a step further in its own direction. Instead of inquiring how these characteristics came to be developed by Tokugawa artists and artisans, Mr. Huish simply describes them in plain language, and shows, in the maturity of his thought and experience,

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how the collector, be he an individual or a museum, may profit by a due appreciation of these qualities. The author's suggestions are, therefore, always direct and practical, and, as is instanced by his advice regarding the culture of ornamental plants and the collection of the *inro* and sword-furniture, very considerate.

No one commenting on this work will forget to refer to the extraordinarily numerous and on the whole well-chosen illustrations it contains. There are six colored plates and 226 cuts in a volume of 360 pages; almost every one of them reproduces an art object, few represent inferior workmanship, and all are handled by the author with remarkable skill for the elucidation of his text.

Finance

UNION PACIFIC AND ITS INVESTMENTS.

For some years—since 1906—Union Pacific stockholders have received 10 per cent. dividends per annum. Of this amount 6 per cent. has come from "railroad operations" and 4 per cent. from "investments." The company's career as an "investor" began in 1901 with the famous purchase of Northern Pacific stock which brought about the "Northern Pacific panic." Prior to that purchase the Union Pacific Company had bought into Southern Pacific in order to procure the Central Pacific connection, acquiring the Huntington estate holdings, some 750,000 shares, for about $40,000,000. Except for this interest, Union Pacific had no large investments outside of its own subsidiary companies.

The dispute arising over the Northern Pacific purchase was settled by the formation of the Northern Securities Company, and Union Pacific found itself in possession of a huge ownership in that company. Then came the liquidation as a result of the Government suit, and in place of Northern Securities stock the Union Pacific Company received Great Northern stock and Northern Pacific stock. These holdings were gradually sold in the open market, and with the proceeds was purchased the collection of securities from which the 4 per cent. dividends above referred to have since been received. This collection comprised stocks of Illinois Central, Chicago & Alton, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and New York Central, to mention only the principal items, and the prices at which they were purchased were very high, being, in fact, about the high-water mark of a "boom time." The original interest in Southern Pacific was increased by purchases at various times and prices, so as to make the total holding well above one and a quarter million shares.

From this it is clear that Union Pacific is to-day in the position of a large "investor," mainly as a result of an accident, and not by reason of a deliberate plan. If Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan had not decided to buy the Burlington railway, Mr. Harriman would not have felt it to be necessary for him to buy the Northern Pacific. If the Government had not proceeded to disrupt the Northern Securities Company, it is doubtful whether Mr. Harriman would have thought it necessary to sell the Union Pacific holdings of that stock. What motives finally impelled the Union Pacific Company to buy the particular stocks it did at the time it did are not evident. The shrinkage in these stocks has probably offset the large profit the company made on its Northern Pacific operation. But now, by an accident—Government intervention again—the company is forced to divest itself of its Southern Pacific holdings, and accordingly it has "traded off" some $40,000,000 of this stock for an equal quantity of Baltimore & Ohio, and has sold $88,000,000 for cash. On this particular holding it has made a handsome profit on original cost. Moreover, it has placed its treasury in a position where it has an immense amount of cash on hand. Precisely how much this amounts to is not stated, but probably its loans receivable and cash together amount to well above one hundred millions of dollars. Southern Pacific is known to be largely in Union Pacific's debt.

That some new disposition of the company's investments—probably in the form of some distribution to stockholders—is in question is natural enough. Ten or fifteen years ago a railway company could do what Union Pacific did without attracting very much attention, but nowadays railways as investment companies seem somewhat out of date, and Union Pacific's position is sufficiently unique in this respect to make it a shining mark. Two questions arise in connection with the proposed or suggested distribution, however—one concerning the general propriety of the operation, and the other concerning the preferred stock. Neither question would arise should it merely be a matter of an extra cash dividend to the common stockholders, for the company has a large surplus to profit and loss account against which to charge such dividend, and the cash in hand with which to pay it.

But, supposing a distribution of investment assets in some form to be contemplated, the objection is made by certain people that these assets were acquired by means of capital issues in some form, and that they should be used to retire capital and not distributed. And others insist that the preferred stock must share in any assets distribution whenever it be made. With regard to the first point, it is not easy to earmark capital as having been issued for investment acquisitions, except in the case of common stock. For the original Northern Pacific purchase in 1901 there were used $60,000,000 of convertible bonds, all of which have long been converted into stock, as was the case with the $40,000,000 convertibles used in the same year to buy Southern Pacific stock. Consequently, $100,000,000 of the present common stock represents money invested in the company's treasury assets and in the Southern Pacific stock now sold. Beyond this it is quite impossible to say that any particular form of Union Pacific security represents these assets, because it was issued for their purchase. On the face of it, therefore, their distribution to common stockholders is apparently not inappropriate, assuming, of course, that the Union Pacific Company cannot find a better use for them. As far as the preferred stockholders' claims are concerned, it is hard to see where they "come in" as long as there is "profit and loss surplus" on the books against which a "dividend" can be charged to be distributed on the common stock. If the common stock can receive 6 per cent. more than the preferred, it can apparently receive 60 per cent more—if the "profit" stands on the books. These, however, are matters for the lawyers to settle.

The interesting thing in the whole affair is perhaps the rôle played by accident in determining such vast issues as those here concerned. Never before has a railway company been driven so far afield from its natural path, and it is safe to say that it is not likely to happen again.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Brooks. The Theory of Social Revolutions. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
A. H. W. Which Temple Ye Are. Putnam.
Allington, S. M. Practical Sewing and Dressmaking. Boston: Dana, Estes. $1.50 net.
Anderson, A. J. The A B C of Artistic Photography. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Barroll, M. L. Around the World Cook Book. Century. $1.50 net.
Blaisdell, A. T., and Ball, F. K. The Child's Book of American History. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents.
Boecker, Alexander. A Probable Italian Source of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.
Bryant, F. E. History of English Balladry. Boston: Badger. $2 net.
Buckrose, J. E. A Little Green World. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Burgess, T. W. Adventures of Johnny Chuck; Reddy Fox. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents net.
Butler, Ellis Parker. The Jack-Knife Man. Century. $1.25 net.
Cabell, J. B. The Soul of Melicent. Illus. by Howard Pyle. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Cameron, Margaret. The Golden Rule Dollivers. Harper. $1 net.
Camp Fire Girls Manual. Revised. Doran. 25 cents.
Cole, P. B. Dave's Daughter. Stokes. $1 net.
Comstock, H. T. Camp Brave Pine: A Camp Fire Girl Story. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Corwin, E. S. National Supremacy. Holt. $1.50 net.
Craven, Priscilla. Circe's Daughter. Duffield. $1.25 net.

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Cutting, Mary S. Refractory Husbands. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Dahlinger, C. W. The New Agrarianism. Putnam. $1 net.
Davidson, Adolph. Here's a New One: A Book of After-Dinner Stories. Caldwell Co.
De Forest, Julia B. A Short History of Art. Edited, revised, rewritten by C. H. Caffin. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
De Long, A. H. It is Not Lawful; A Romance. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Dewey, George. Autobiography. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Dickinson, H. W. Robert Fulton: His Life and Works. Lane. $3 net.
Dodge, M. T. Laddie's Choice. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Durham, D. B. The Vocabulary of Menander: A Dissertation. Privately printed.
Dwyer, J. F. The Spotted Panther. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
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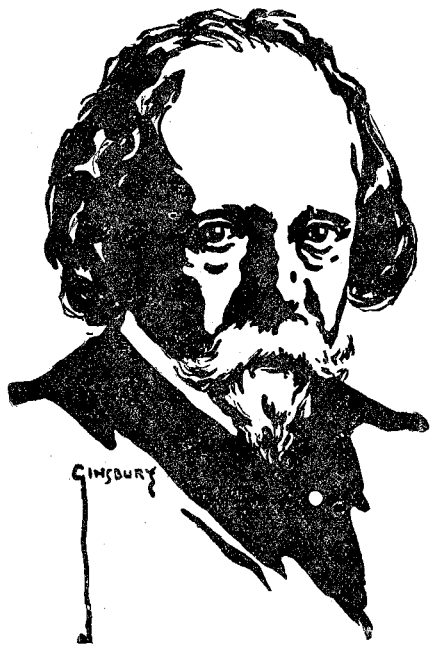

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